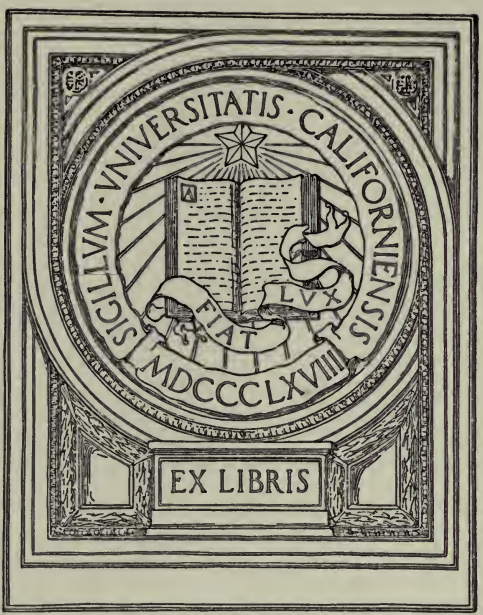
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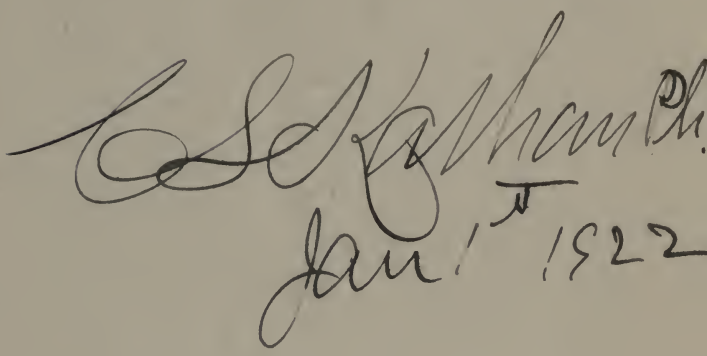

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C. J. Winchester

A MEMORIAL

TO

Caleb Thomas Winchester

1847–1920

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
IN WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

TO WHU
ABINGDON

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CALEB THOMAS WINCHESTER

Born January 18, 1847 Died March 24, 1920

B.A., 1869; M.A., 1872; LL.D., 1919; L.H.D. (Dickinson), 1892

Librarian, 1869-1885

Olin Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature, 1873-1890

Olin Professor of English Literature, 1890-1920

His genuine, wholesome human nature was adorned with urbanity of manner, strengthened by sincerity and virility of thought, and enriched by the graces of Christian faith and living. He revealed to a rare degree the genius for friendship and the gift of helpful counsel.

Wide reading and an unusual faculty for sympathetic as well as accurate criticism made him a refined and catholic scholar who translated his riches of learning and fine philosophy of life, with charm of expression, into illuminating lectures and books.

As a teacher he imparted to his students the ability to form sound, accurate, critical judgments of the works of literature, to interpret them through full knowledge of the age in which they were produced, and to consider them as expressions of life and thought which should help to form a broad, virile, constructive philosophy of life, and inspire to work with loyalty to that philosophy.

The half-century of service of this best beloved of Wesleyan teachers has endowed the University with a wealth of noble inspiration and of sweet memories.

He was a Christian, a gentleman, a scholar, and a teacher sans reproche.

(*From the Wesleyan University Bulletin, June, 1920*)

974461

Caleb Thomas Winchester :

In recognition of your clear brain, your large heart, your fertile imagination, your fine taste for the beautiful in every domain of human life, your memory richly stored with treasures, your fascinating and magical charm of speech and influence, your brilliant career as a teacher of English Literature, your multiform services to Wesleyan University throughout the fifty years since your graduation, I gladly admit you to the degree of Doctor of Laws. :: ::

(*Characterization by President Shanklin, Commencement, 1919*)

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INTRODUCTION

THROUGHOUT its history the pride of Wesleyan University has been its faculty. In the ninety years which have elapsed since its founding thirteen[1] of the sixty-six persons who have held full professorships have occupied that position for a quarter-century or more. These are the men who, by their long periods of service, have, naturally, contributed in the largest degree to the establishment of the high repute of the Wesleyan faculty and to the moulding of the scholarly traditions of the institution. It has, moreover, been the rare good fortune of Wesleyan that three of these distinguished scholars and teachers, John Monroe Van Vleck, William North Rice, and Caleb Thomas

[1] In order of length of incumbency of full professorship they are: William North Rice, 1867-1918; Caleb Thomas Winchester, 1873-1920; John Monroe Van Vleck, 1858-1904; James Cooke Van Benschoten, 1863-1902; Morris Barker Crawford, 1884- ; John Johnston, 1837-1873; Andrew Campbell Armstrong, 1888- ; Wilbur Olin Atwater, 1874-1907; Herbert William Conn, 1888-1917; William Edward Mead, 1893- ; Oscar Kuhns, 1893- ; Augustus William Smith, 1831-1857; Calvin Sears Harrington, 1861-1886.

Winchester, each thus served in its faculty through more than half its history. These three long-time colleagues and friends have, by their scholarly and inspiring teaching, their abundant and sacrificing service, their noble and upright lives, endowed Wesleyan with a rich heritage of enduring achievements and precious memories.

It is no depreciation of any other on this honored faculty roll to say that none was better beloved and none has wielded wider and finer influence through his personality and his teaching than Professor Winchester. Such tributes as the complimentary dinner arranged in his honor by his former students in 1919 and the authorization by the board of trustees of the publication of this memorial volume are but superficial evidences of the love and admiration which Professor Winchester, as friend and teacher, awakened in the hearts of more than fifty classes of Wesleyan students. Every member of the board of trustees and every colleague in the faculty valued Professor Winchester's friendship as a rare and rich privilege. Though each may not utter his own grateful encomium on Professor Win-

chester, and though there is much that is too deep and too intimately precious to find utterance, yet Wesleyan cannot deny itself the privilege of recording through the following pages the words of a few in whose sentiments all will join with hearty accord.

The undersigned committee, appointed by the board of trustees to prepare this volume, desire to express their appreciation to the several speakers, writers, and publishers for the permission to use the materials here presented, and to thank others who have aided in divers ways in the work of compilation. The editorial work has been delegated by the committee to one of their number, Vice-President Dutcher, who has also prepared the sections relating to Professor Winchester's publications, lectures, and courses of instruction.

WILLIAM ARNOLD SHANKLIN,
DAVID GEORGE DOWNEY,
STOCKTON AXSON,
GEORGE MATTHEW DUTCHER,
Committee.

Wesleyan University,
March 24, 1921.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNTS

CALEB THOMAS WINCHESTER

By Professor Karl Pomeroy Harrington, '82*

With the death of Professor Caleb Thomas Winchester, for more than a half century a prominent figure in the faculty of Wesleyan University, is marked the end of an epoch in the history of the institution. For "Winch," as all his students and colleagues fondly called him, was the last of that group of master men whose half-century of service linked the Wesleyan of the present with that day of small things and high ideals that existed on this campus in the period just subsequent to the Civil War, and whose steady loyalty, clear vision, and mature judgment played so important a part in the evolution of the greater Wesleyan. As a somewhat bashful freshman, young Winchester was one of a college body totaling one hundred and twenty-one students, while the corps of instruction comprised the president, five professors, and one instructor.

*Reprinted from the *Wesleyan University Bulletin*, June 1920, with some additions.

No special buildings for library, chapel, scientific laboratories, or museums yet graced the campus; and the combined college and society libraries amounted to but fourteen thousand volumes. Of the one hundred and twenty-one students only two were enrolled in the so-called "scientific course" designed for those who had in view "the business pursuits of active life," while the rank and file, who were mostly headed for some professional career, pursued a fairly rigid course of Latin, Greek, mathematics, and science, for the first three years, with such subjects as evidences of Christianity, international law, and Butler's *Analogy* emphasized in the senior year, and declamation and composition required throughout the whole period of four years—a course which, if antiquated in the eyes of the present generation, produced from even that small company of undergraduates a Knapp and an Olin in law, a Hendrix in the church, a Carhart in science, and a Winchester in literature.

He was born in a Methodist parsonage at Uncasville,[1] Connecticut, in 1847. He pre-

[1] In the town of Montville, New London County.

pared for college at Wilbraham, where he won distinction by those intellectual and social qualities which were later to come to such noble fruitage. Here too, in one of the famous literary societies in the school, he gained recognition for his command of language, and laid the foundations for the eminent faculty for public expression which made his name known from sea to sea.

On entering Wesleyan in 1865, he, with two of his Wilbraham classmates, joined the Xi chapter of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, to the life of which his loyalty, geniality, and wisdom contributed an important influence for more than half a century. His college activities were along intellectual lines, as was the fashion of the time. One of the first men of his class in general scholarship, he shone throughout his course in rhetorical achievements. His Sophomore Exhibition oration upon Hawthorne and Thackeray appeared in the *Argus* in his senior year, probably without essential alteration, and exhibits his notable ability to single out the elements of vital importance in an author and sum them up succinctly.

At the Junior Exhibition his name ap-

peared on the program for a discussion with A. F. Chase of the comparative utility of the mathematics and the classics. In competition for the Rich prize he spoke on Oliver Goldsmith, having previously delivered a noteworthy "chapel piece" on the same subject, in which had been remarked that peculiar gift of his of introducing his audience to a personal acquaintance with an author. His Commencement speech was an "ancient classical oration" on Homer. Deeply interested in philosophy, he captured the metaphysics prize, and shared in a division of a prize in moral philosophy. By the end of his junior year he was able to succeed, where so many had failed, in writing a poem worthy to take the Taylor poetry prize. The title was Somnia, and the poem appeared in the *Argus* the next September. The Olin prize too was easily his, for the *Argus* report of his Rich prize oration remarks that in it "he fully sustained the reputation which he has so fairly earned of being the first writer of his class." The *Argus* itself had come into being during his junior year, and he was elected to its first full-term board of editors for his senior year.

The glee club then consisted of a quartet of which he, always enthusiastically fond of music, was a member. Occasionally it went out of town to give a concert. He was chairman of the committee on music for class day, and at least one of the songs was of his own authorship. It began:

Like a dream that passeth fleetly,

and under the title "Farewell Song" appears now in the *Wesleyan Song Book*. One of the best features of the exercises on that day was the prophecy, which he wrote, and which was highly commended.

Professor Winchester used to tell with much glee the story of his first arrival in Middletown with two or three comrades; how, after passing four or five different cemeteries on the way to the college grounds, he facetiously remarked that they would be lucky if they ever got out of this town alive! In a sense the remark was prophetic; for from the time he first reached Middletown as a freshman he never knew any other home.

Upon his graduation in 1869 he was appointed librarian. The system of cataloguing introduced by Professor Van Vleck and

extended by Professor Rice was now carried through the entire collection. Some of the old cards are still to be seen, in the handwriting of Van Vleck, Rice, or Winchester. In those days the library, which had just been installed in Rich Hall, was open only two or three days in the week, and then but for an hour or two. But in spite of its relatively minor place in the life of the college, the new librarian was able to inaugurate various important features of that policy which has resulted in the splendid collection of to-day. For four years he gave himself chiefly to his duties as librarian, and although after that his time was mainly occupied in other departmental work, he continued as librarian until 1885. In 1873 he was appointed Olin Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature; after 1890 he was Olin Professor of English Literature. When he was invited to the professorship of English literature at the reorganization of the University of Chicago, the temptation was strong. But the universal protest from Wesleyan men, his own loyalty to his alma mater, and his devotion to his home in Middletown, were among the many reasons that

PROFESSOR AND MRS. WINCHESTER ON PORCH OF THEIR HOME

led him to decline. His love for his home was always touching: by the shore, or at the mountains, or amid the rose gardens of California, his thoughts ever turned fondly back to his own home on High Street, commanding the most attractive bit of scenery in Middletown. He always showed a tender interest in his flowers and took fond care of "Rab," the Airedale, and little lame "Jackie," the Boston bull. He lived an ideal family life. He is survived by Mrs. Winchester, née Alice Goodwin Smith, whom he married in 1880, and by his son Julian Caleb, whose mother, née Julia Stackpole Smith, died in 1877.

In his teaching of rhetoric and literature Professor Winchester blazed essentially new trails. Himself a master of the art of composition, he adopted the method of meeting each individual student for personal conference. He also prescribed carefully elaborated lists of subjects calling for different styles of writing. English literature in his own undergraduate days had been little more than a name in the curriculum. There was only a single course, with a textbook that did little but summarize facts.

The Winchester idea was to study the literature itself, at first hand; while his primary principle of criticism was to know what you like or do not like, and why. Early in his teaching he prepared several series of readings in English literature, by periods, and arranged his courses to include three elements: text-book study about the authors, class-room reading and criticism of epochal writers like Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, and private reading of one or another of the aforementioned series of selections. Not only were his courses of readings published in due time for the benefit of other institutions and the general public, but as a leading member of the national committee on requirements in English for admission to college, he was largely instrumental in introducing into American secondary education the practice of studying English from masterpieces of its literature.

Every Wesleyan student wanted to elect courses with "Winch," the master teacher. His charming conversational style introduced one to the author as a personal friend, whom one might come to know intimately, so that one more clearly understood the mo-

tive, occasion, and circumstances of the writings concerned, and better estimated their literary value. And the piercing intellectual vision of this prince of teachers, who ever loved the good and the beautiful and despised the ugly and the evil, disclosed what was worth while in each literary work and led his pupils to set up sane standards of criticism. His keen analysis tore away the mask from many a pretentious bit of mere rhetoric. So for anything ignoble in its tendency, like many a so-called realistic novel, and for the hideous formlessness of much of the alleged poetry of modern faddists, he had little but contempt. Here too, in the field of criticism, he was a pioneer; for his *Principles of Literary Criticism,* embodying the ideals that he had set before successive classes, proved a revelation and an inspiration to teachers in all literatures.

The high character of the standards that he set not only for himself, but also for his students, was periodically revealed in his examination papers. With the habit of shirking the rather irksome task of carefully preparing an examination paper he had no sympathy. He used to say that it meant about

a half-day's hard work to prepare a really good paper; and a student who had any real appreciation of the subject must, on completing an examination of his, with its searching test of acquaintance with the authors, have felt a certain proud satisfaction in having really learned something worth while.

Such mastery of the field of literature and of the right principles of criticism naturally found expression in various kinds of activity. Besides producing such books as *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers, A Group of English Essayists,* and *Wordsworth, How to Know Him,* he was for many years associated with Professor Kittredge, of Harvard University, in the editorship of the Athenæum Press series of English texts. Some occasional papers or articles for periodical literature were developed later to larger proportions. Thus the address on John Wesley the Man, given at the Wesley bicentennial, had become in 1906 *The Life of John Wesley,* one of the most successful and widely known of his books. When, as a young man, he was invited to lecture in Middletown, and spoke in his delightfully intimate and conversational manner on London

a Hundred Years Ago, illustrating his talk with crayon sketches made by Mrs. Winchester, he achieved instant success, and began a career of many years of lecturing. For such lecturing he was in constant demand by educational institutions, clubs, and other organizations. For more than a quarter of a century he gave annually a course of lectures at Wells College; and as a visiting lecturer he also gave various series at Johns Hopkins, Wisconsin, Northwestern, and other universities.

In the varied activities and relationships as a member of the faculty, Professor Winchester's services were given modestly but without stint. His fine spirit of courtesy and of consideration for others, his genial sense of humor, his abiding sense of fitness, his wise insight, broad outlook, and liberal-mindedness, tempered by his wide reading, earnest thinking, and long experience, ever commanded the admiration and affection of his colleagues, who always gave careful heed to his counsel in faculty and committee meetings, and who valued his confidence and advice in personal affairs. Throughout his membership in the faculty he was almost in-

variably a member of the committees, whether regular or special, which dealt with questions of appointments and of curriculum, and other matters of academic policy. Owing to his efforts the university undertook in 1889 the publishing of a semi-annual *Bulletin,* and until his death he continued as chairman of the committee charged with editing it. For a long period of years he was also the chairman of the committee on public literary exercises, and gave ungrudgingly his services in meeting the manifold and tedious demands involved. His membership on the library committee also continued until his death, and was ever marked by a lively interest in all details affecting the upbuilding of that institution.

When in 1901 a new hymnal was planned for the Methodist Episcopal Church, he was selected as a member of the first commission appointed for its preparation. And when, soon afterward, it was decided to have a joint commission representing the Methodist Episcopal Church South as well, and a more comprehensive book, he was reappointed on this second commission, and played an important part in shaping that

admirable collection of noble hymnology, *The Methodist Hymnal.* Meanwhile he was elected a lay representative to the General Conference of his church which met in Los Angeles in 1904, and was there appointed on a committee to revise the ritual of the church. He took an active interest in the music as well as in the literature of the hymnal. Of coaxing melodies and winning movements he was exceedingly fond, sometimes jestingly acknowledging his susceptibility to certain favorites which he dubbed "pewee" tunes. To one of his colleagues he sent Dean Alford's stanza beginning,

> My bark is wafted to the strand
> By breath divine,"

accompanied by a penciled melody, and wrote: "Behold my first musical production! A one-finger tune for one of the new hymns." This was one of the hymns sung at his funeral, set to this original music. In these matters of musical fitness his taste was unerring. Of a given tune he wrote, "I don't like ——; it seems to me altogether too uproariously exultant—not solemn enough in its gladness." And when his lifelong

friend, Professor "Ben" Gill, sent in an original tune for another favorite hymn,

Come, let us join our friends above,

he wrote: "I do think it is way ahead of anything yet. It is simple, noble, strong, yet with two or three plaintive strains in it. As Ben says, 'swell out on it, and see if you like it.' . . . It sounds like Ben and all good old strong, true things—like old times, and like the hope of better new times." In recent years he took much delight in his pianola, by means of which he familiarized himself with many musical masterpieces. He would say, "Come over, and I'll pump you a lovely thing I've just bought." Or at the symphony concert he would lean over and remark about some bewitching number, "I've got that for my pianola."

In all matters of political and civic nature, Professor Winchester took a keen and intelligent interest, and gave his voice and vote as one who loved righteousness and hated iniquity. Though he never took an active part in public affairs, he was universally esteemed as an ideal citizen. For many years he served faithfully as trustee and secretary

of the Russell Library, the public library of Middletown.

Another of his idols in later life was the reorganized academy at Wilbraham, the scene of his early awakening to social and intellectual enthusiasms. With rare vision he saw the line of development that the old school must take, and as president of its new board of trustees witnessed before his death much of the fulfilment of his hopes.

Always and everywhere Professor Winchester was the courtly gentleman, the loyal friend, the thorough and discriminating scholar, the unique teacher, the fascinating conversationalist, the discerning critic, the lover of the beautiful and the good, the earnest and faithful Christian. His dignity and courtliness were not austerity, but gentility. Those fortunate enough to be his more intimate friends frequently marvelled at the genuine simplicity of his nature, at his often almost boyish glee over a new idea, new book, a bit of music, or a new story. His gift of humorous repartee was remarkable. "Cultivate a well-rounded, a globular character," urged a speaker addressing the college. "Evidently, then," remarked Winch,

"the perfect character would be a pill!" Again, in suggesting a somewhat "lyrical" tune for a certain hymn, he wrote, "It's not unlike *Lyons*—I thought we might call it *The Lady of Lyons;* but as that might be rather secular, what think you of *Lyonesse?"*

Repeatedly did he quote Chaucer's well-known line as expressing the ideal characteristics of a Christian gentleman,

> Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.

This ideal he exemplified in his life, seven days in the week, in his classroom, in faculty meeting, in his church, which he so devotedly supported, in the Conversational Club and the Apostles' Club, which he charmed with his papers and his conversation, as president of the local Phi Beta Kappa society, in civic duties, in private life. But his freedom of thought and of action, for himself and for his fellows, was no jelly-fish apathy toward error as the equal of truth. He would surely have approved a recent article in the *Atlantic* on the virtue of intolerance, though himself most tolerant of others' opinions and beliefs. The change in undergraduate ideals he deeply deplored, believing that undue im-

portance was attached to the athletic and the physical, and protesting that it was impossible to teach English literature successfully to students who knew neither the ancient classics nor the English Bible. He often lamented in recent years that few students could intelligently read aloud a literary passage.

Devoted pupils everywhere believe him the most generally beloved and widely admired teacher that Wesleyan has ever had. Likewise they will not forget his deeply religious character, his simple faith, and his daily life of Christian service. A favorite hymn of his, expressing excellently his firm conviction that Christianity should find expression in every detail of daily life, and that one should avoid artificial distinctions between so-called "sacred" and "secular" affairs, was that familiar one originally written by George Herbert, and altered into more singable form by John Wesley, whose fourth stanza now reads:

> If done to obey thy laws,
> E'en servile labors shine;
> Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
> The meanest work, divine.

How often has he been heard to say that Herbert's original draft of this stanza, with its concrete, if homely, illustration, seemed to him fully as effective:

> A servant with this clause[1]
> Makes drudgery divine:
> Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine.

And the last stanza of another favorite hymn of his, by John Ellerton, which he has so often given out in conducting chapel exercises, found exemplification in his life before God and man:

> Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
> As thou wouldst have it done;
> And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
> Itself with work be one.

Yet those who, year after year, experienced the inspiration and uplift of his devout prayers at chapel services realized that his was no religion of mere good works, but that he strove ever to teach the doctrine voiced in his own matchless educational hymn, originally written for the dedication of Orange Judd Hall of Natural Science:

[1] "For thy sake."

And let those learn, who here shall meet,
  True wisdom is with reverence crowned,
And science walks with humble feet
  To seek the God that faith hath found.

The very latest product of his pen to see the light consists of the prayers which accompany two services in the recently published *Chapel Service Book*. One of them accompanies the hymn, a part of which has just been quoted, the Scripture passage selected to go with it being the ninety-fifth psalm. A single sentence in this prayer epitomizes his religion: "Open thou our eyes that we may see thy wondrous works in earth and sea and sky; increase our faith that we may know thee a God not afar off but nigh unto each one of us; help us to yield our hearts in willing obedience to thy law, and our lives in loving devotion to thy service; all which we ask in the name of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

FIFTY YEARS OF PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

By Stetson Kilbourne Ryan, '04*

New England Methodism, and friends of the church elsewhere, will be interested in the approaching fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of the class of 1869 at Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, for it will point attention to the fact that another name—that of Professor Caleb Thomas Winchester, who was a member of this class—has been added to the honored group of men who have served upon the faculty of their alma mater for half a century. In 1904 the late Professor John M. Van Vleck, a graduate of the class of 1850, who had served the university for fifty years upon its teaching force, and at intervals as acting president, was made professor emeritus, while only last June Professor William North Rice, for more than fifty years a member of the faculty, and at times acting president, retired from active teaching duties.

*Reprinted by permission from *Zion's Herald*, May 14, 1919, with some minor alterations.

Now Professor Winchester, who was chosen librarian at Wesleyan upon his graduation, is closing fifty years of noteworthy work at this oldest Methodist Episcopal collegiate institution in this country.

In his essay on Hazlitt, we find Professor Winchester asserting that "the years from fourteen to twenty-one are probably the determining period of every man's life." If that is true, the little community of Middleboro, Massachusetts, and its environs, which adjoin Plymouth, and the halls of the old academy at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, and the inviting hillsides near by, left their impress upon the heart and life of this long-time Wesleyan professor. Although his father and his grandfather, upon his father's side, were Methodist ministers, it was not alone in a Methodist parsonage that he received his boyhood training. When the lad was eight years old his father was stationed as preacher in Middleboro and moved his family to a small farm in that town, which his wife had inherited, and which remained the family home for ten years. His maternal grandmother's name was Le Baron, and she was fifth in line from Dr. Francis Le

Baron, a surgeon in a French privateer wrecked off the coast of Buzzard's Bay, who died in 1704, and was buried on Burial Hill in Plymouth. In her book, *The Nameless Nobleman,* Mrs. Mary Austin of Concord has set forth this event in fiction. At what is now Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1635, the Winchester side of the family settled in this country. It was thus within a short distance of the abode of his ancestors that the boy spent his early youth.

In his classes in English literature at Wesleyan, the writer has heard Professor Winchester say, in one of those delightful digressions which illumine all of his lectures, that some of the characters in Mary E. Wilkins's books made him think of his home folk. At any rate, the young man was acquiring a workable knowledge of human nature as he moved among these shrewd, thrifty Yankees, that was to stand him in good stead in later years in his life work. One of the surest holds that Professor Winchester has upon the young men in his classes and upon the public, in his lectures, is the extraordinary insight that he has into human actions and motives, and the unusual common sense, hu-

man sympathy, and perception of proportion with which he presents the subject matter.

Life upon the farm also found him laying up a goodly store of robust health, so that in later life he did not feel the need of athletic activities. Farms in that region in those days needed no little coaxing, and life in the open also found the young man learning how to use his hands. There was a good academy in Middleboro, from which he entered Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham for his last year of preparatory study, and there he, from the outset, took high rank. The inspiration of those days has not been dimmed by passing years. When we find him paying tender tribute, many years later, at the funeral services of his friend, the late Benjamin Gill, at Wilbraham, there wells up spontaneously in the generous, genuine words of the speaker the ineffaceable memory of the schoolboy days at Wilbraham. His loyalty to the school has been outstanding, and at the present time he is the president of the board of trustees.

When the young man came to Wesleyan, in the fall of 1865, "a long, lean, lank, white-

haired duffer," as he puts it, he found the massive, energetic, and forceful Joseph Cummings serving as president, the lovable Dr. John Johnston just bringing to a close his splendid years of service in the department of natural science, the brilliant Fales Henry Newhall serving in the department of rhetoric and English literature, Rev. Calvin Sears Harrington in Latin, with James Cooke Van Benschoten as his colleague in Greek, John Monroe Van Vleck as professor of mathematics, and William North Rice about to start upon what was to be a career of marked success. President Cummings was just in the middle period of his term of office, which resulted so auspiciously for Wesleyan in the addition of needed buildings. The importance of physical science was coming to be recognized and the college curriculum was being broadened by the influence of the younger men like Professors Van Vleck and Rice. Those were stirring days, and it was good to be alive.

The class of 1869 sent twenty-seven young men out from the college halls. It was a worthy class. George Edward Reed later became president of Dickinson Col-

lege, and Tamerlane Pliny Marsh of Mount Union College. Henry Smith Carhart was for many years professor of physics at the University of Michigan and now, professor emeritus, is living at Pasadena, California.[1] Wilbur Fisk Crafts has been long prominent in reform work, while the late Joseph Dame Weeks served as associate editor of the *Iron Age* and visited Europe as special commissioner of Pennsylvania to investigate the labor question in 1878. Others proved themselves worthy sons of their alma mater.

Generations of Wesleyan men know Professor Winchester as the always popular and entertaining head of the department of English literature. While he served the university as librarian for sixteen years, from 1869 to 1885, he was elected to a full professorship in 1873, when he was not yet twenty-seven years old; which shows that this is not the only age which seeks the men of youth for positions of large responsibility. Since 1890 his department has been English literature alone, in which he holds the Olin professorship, named in honor of the late Stephen Olin, the second president of the uni-

[1] Professor Carhart died February 13, 1920.

versity. In 1880 he studied in Leipzig for a year and he has spent periods of sabbatical leave in travel since. In 1892 Dickinson College made him a doctor of humane letters. For more than twenty-five years he delivered lectures at Wells College, in New York state, and Johns Hopkins has been served by him in a like capacity for several years, as have many of the New England colleges. In 1904 he served on the committee for revision of *The Methodist Hymnal.* The church has also honored him by electing him lay delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1904. It is an open secret that other universities have tried to inveigle Professor Winchester away from Wesleyan. When the late President William R. Harper was gathering a group of eminent scholars to serve as the faculty of the reorganized University of Chicago, he invited Wesleyan's scholarly and popular head of the English literature department to take a similar position in that institution. The offer was declined, for which Professor Winchester has had the abiding gratitude of all friends of the college. Other offers were given less public-

ity, but were met with the same decision to remain at his alma mater.

Professor Winchester has not written primarily as an author with a reading public in view. He has seemed to prefer to keep the best that he has for his classes and his public lectures. His *Five Short Courses of Reading,* published in 1891 and revised in 1900, has met with wide recognition. *Principles of Literary Criticism,* set up in 1899, has been reprinted repeatedly. Following the Wesley bicentennial he wrote *The Life of John Wesley,* which was an entertaining depiction of the life and work of the man in Professor Winchester's characteristic style. With Professor G. L. Kittredge he edited the *Athenæum Press Series* of masterpieces of English literature. *A Group of English Essayists* appeared in 1910. In 1873 he served as editor of the *Wesleyan Alumni Record.* His history of the university and many intimate papers and sketches of particular interest to the alumni and friends of the university are prized beyond measure by those who possess them.

But it is the man himself who has lived his way into the affection and esteem of large

numbers of Wesleyan men. Seldom does the undergraduate stop to reckon why he likes one professor, or dislikes another. There is some subtle instinct that pervades a college body, that weighs the members of the faculty in the balance. Some measure up to the rather vague and unexpressed standard which the college man demands, while others do not. Given a little time and a fair chance and the undergraduates will generally discover a man, be he hedged about with ever so many peculiarities. Professor Winchester was judged at this bar of college opinion many years ago—and met all the requirements. Each succeeding group of students has accepted him without question.

It is probably because he understands men. Ever since he was an impressionable lad, learning to size up a situation with true Yankee shrewdness, he has been noting their whims, reading the deep, strong motives of the heart, and seeing what qualities of mind and spirit lead to success. We find him remarking in his paper on Thomas De Quincey that the essayist "had an almost feminine nicety of observation that nothing

escaped, and a quick eye for those slight peculiarities of appearance and manner in which character unconsciously reveals itself." One who was not so well versed in human nature himself would not have noted this with such care for detail. This practice is delightfully refreshing, and the pleased reader finds the personality of the literary personage living and breathing in his very presence. Open at random to almost any page of his essays and you find him investing his subject with an interest that springs from his art of knowing men. Thus we find him writing of De Quincey: "A sort of Admirable Crichton, he did nothing with his knowledge, he reached no conclusions, he settled no questions, marked out no new paths for human thought; and the large familiar elements of life out of which great literature is made, man's love and hope and desire, still less to these could he give such expression as shall thrill or inspire. He could only gossip; curious, usually interesting, sometimes instructive, it was still gossip—gossip through fourteen stricken volumes."

The writer will never forget the entertaining hours in the classroom. There were

no dull moments in his classes. With quiet dignity the teacher was willing to speak much—and the men were willing to let him. He knew so much about life and men and things, and he could tell it with such compelling interest, that every man listened. There was no fault-finding, implied or stated, in his presentation of the facts. They came simply pouring out in low tones, almost sad at times, clothed in the choicest language, but so spoken that no one could fail to get an intimate knowledge of what he desired to present.

Somehow, some of us were quick to conclude that the warm, tender spirit of the poet Burns had won the place of warmest affection in the heart of our professor. He never said so, to be sure, but one had but to listen to his lectures on the Scottish bard. He was always going out of his way, it seemed, with kindly interest, to state a mitigating circumstance, or to suggest an interpretation of the poet's actions which softened the harshness of the critics. We learned to love Burns ourselves under such sympathetic tutelage.

He read much to us. We listened, entranced. Some of us will never forget that

voice. The quiet, low melody, the sympathy that welled up and poured itself out, always with the nicest modulation, and never in false terms, led us, somehow, unthinkingly, to conclude that here was a man who understood us all, and who could read the human heart with as good understanding as he could the printed page. And that, perhaps, was why we liked him.

Like all the best judges of human nature, Professor Winchester gives high place to the value of cheerfulness and genuine laughter. He says much about it in his writings and his lectures. Thus we find him speaking of Charles Lamb: "His laughter was not like the crackling of thorns under a pot, but genial, kindly, wise. He knew how by a jest, a waggish remark, half drollery and half sympathy, to break up the crust of commonplace that gathers over our thought, to enliven the lead-colored monotony that makes life toilsome and—what is worse—prosaic."

Most college men have written some verse in their college days, which they rue in later life. No lines of his appear in the collection entitled "Wesleyan Verse," except the

chaste words of introduction to the volume, which were written by him at the request of the editors. In *The Methodist Hymnal* only one hymn is credited to him:

> The Lord our God alone is strong;
> His hands build not for one brief day;
> His wondrous works, through ages long,
> His wisdom and his power display.

It is this song that voices, perhaps, in the best way, the strong, composite faith of the man. There is no cant in his acceptance of God. He believes because he sees God manifest all about him. He does not say much about his belief. Somehow, you know it is there without the spoken word.

Professor Winchester has probably had more Wesleyan men in his classes than any other member of the faculty, now or in the past. His elective courses have been very popular, and deservedly so. His testimony, now that he looks back upon these long years of success as a teacher, is that he prizes most the personal friendship which has come to him through his intercourse with his classes. Only the other day he told the writer that he had received a letter from Bishop Her-

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER'S RESIDENCE

bert Welch, out in Korea. It was not about business, or affairs of the church, but just a chatty talk about the old days at Wesleyan. And that is what he prizes.

Middletown has been Professor Winchester's home for more than fifty years now. Indeed, he has known no other home, save Wilbraham and the hilly region near Plymouth for a few years in his early boyhood. He has learned to love the college town. His home, well up the rise from the city's main thoroughfare, looks off toward the hills upon the other side of the Connecticut river. There, old Cobalt mountain lifts its blue and hazy crest, and gives rest of body and spirit to those who look away over the city's housetops to its somber summit. It is a good outlook, that inspires to hope and faith and trust in things as they are. Professor Winchester is held in esteem by the townspeople, and at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of which he is one of the helpful members. Middletown, its citizens, its church members, as well as the college community, appreciate this long-time Wesleyan professor.

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

At the twilight hour, Wednesday of last week,[1] Professor Caleb Thomas Winchester, a member of the faculty of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, since 1869, passed to the other life. Death came as a result of a cerebral hemorrhage, which occurred about three months since, but from which he had been slowly rallying until two weeks before his death, when there came a relapse, and he began gradually to fail. He is survived by his wife and one son, Julian Caleb Winchester; a sister, Miss L. Fannie Winchester of Fair Haven, Massachusetts; and a brother, George Fletcher Winchester of Paterson, New Jersey.

The funeral was held at the Winchester home, on the edge of the campus, Saturday afternoon. Rev. William D. Beach, D.D., the retiring pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown, of which the deceased had been a member since his undergraduate days, was the officiating clergyman. Dr. Beach was assisted by President William Arnold Shanklin of the University, while Professor William North

[1] The following paragraphs, also written by Mr. Ryan, appeared in *Zion's Herald*, March 31, 1920.

Rice, who was beginning his work on the Wesleyan faculty when Professor Winchester came there as a student and who is now professor emeritus, conducted the committal service at the cemetery. A quartet composed of glee club men from the University sang. The honorary bearers were Professor George M. Dutcher, vice-president of the University; Professor Frank W. Nicolson, the University dean; and Professors Morris B. Crawford, Andrew C. Armstrong, William E. Mead, Karl P. Harrington, William J. James, and Oscar Kuhns, senior members of the faculty who, in nearly every instance, have been associated with Professor Winchester on the Wesleyan faculty for more than a quarter of a century. The active bearers were from the student body of the Wesleyan chapter of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, of which Professor Winchester was a member. The burial was in the family lot in Indian Hill cemetery in Middletown.

Professor Winchester had asked the Wesleyan trustees to relieve him of his work as head of the department of English literature at their meeting last June. He was

then completing half a century of faculty service at this oldest Methodist Episcopal collegiate institution in America. The members of the board asked him to continue in office for the present, possibly for not longer than another year, and he had cheerfully acquiesced. It was not long after the opening of college last fall that he broke under the strain. It was a great shock to his friends, who had not realized that the stress was so great.

The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown, of which he was a long-time member, has lost a staunch supporter in his going. The city where he had made his home for more than half a century mourns also one of its best type of citizens. All over the country, wherever Wesleyan is known and loved, in fact, there will be a genuine sense of loss in the passing of this honored professor, for it was the sincere wish of many that he might long be spared to the university community where he had served usefully and conspicuously for these fifty years.

DINNER
IN HONOR OF
PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

JUNE 20, 1919

DINNER
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PROFESSOR WINCHESTER
JUNE 20, 1919

Wesleyan University

Victory Commencement

Dinner in Honor

of

Professor Caleb Thomas Winchester, L.H.D.

Fayerweather Gymnasium

June Twentieth, Nineteen Nineteen

Program

President William Arnold Shanklin, L. H. D., LL. D.

Wilbur Lucius Cross, Ph. D.
Dean of the Graduate School, Yale University

Lincoln Robinson Gibbs, M. A.
Professor of English Literature, University of Pittsburgh

William Edward Mead, Ph. D.

William North Rice, Ph. D., LL. D.

Caleb Thomas Winchester, L. H. D.

Program

President William Howard Taft, LL.D., D.C.L.

William Lorenz Clow, Ph.D.
Dean of the Graduate School, Yale University

Lincoln Robinson Cole, M.A.
Secretary of Yale University Permanent Fund

William Howard Hall, Ph.D.

William Louis Poteat, Ph.D., LL.D.

Cecil Thomas Watkins, L.H.D.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

President Shanklin

Though my province is simply to introduce the speakers of the evening, I cannot refrain from expressing my own personal appreciation of Professor Winchester and of his constant, sympathetic loyalty and upholding. Throughout these ten years since I came to Wesleyan he has been an ideal colleague, never flinching from a frank expression of his own views, yet never failing in loyalty to the president of the college. I owe him an incalculable debt. To share his friendship has stirred afresh my best resolves for high living and noble thinking. With every Wesleyan man I thank God for this teacher who has let loose such intellectual and moral forces on this hill, and who has for half a century here spent himself in the moulding and mastery of young men.

I was struck forcibly, the other day, by a word of the late John Muir: "Longest is the life that contains the largest amount of time-effacing enjoyment and of work that

is steady delight." What a lesson Professor Winchester has, through the years, daily taught in his grasping the little section of existence that the philosophers have such difficulty in defining, and living it to the best of his ability for steady delight, "an image of high principle and feeling."

As we think of the various and combined influences that make Wesleyan what it is, it seems to me that Professor Winchester is the personification of the best for which Wesleyan is known among her friends. In meeting alumni throughout the entire country, I hear men express their gratitude for his benign and stimulating influence upon them while in college. And each of this great company of Wesleyan men and women greets you, sir; looks you frankly in the face, and says to you in tones and smiles, if not in words: I love you because you have inspired in me a desire to be my best, and to make my life more and more like your own, one in which faith and work are bells of full accord.

We want you to know that Wesleyan men love you for your charm of simple truthfulness, of frank manliness, of perfect sympa-

thy for all forms of healthy human action, independently of the position which you have held for so many years, and which has had its real being in your personality itself.

We know how you love Wesleyan, how you have baptized it with your prayers and deeds, how filled you have been with devices for its welfare, how jealous of its fair name, how willing to spend and be spent in its behalf. I believe that you could say, sir, to the innermost and to the uttermost: "If I forget thee, O Wesleyan, let my right hand forget her cunning and let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

And as we this evening call to mind your earnestness and simplicity of nature, your force of character, your temper of greatness —all shot through with your life-devotion to this college—we pray God that something of your spirit may ever abide in Wesleyan University.

ADDRESS

IN BEHALF OF THE DEPARTMENTS OF ENGLISH IN NEW ENGLAND COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

Professor Cross

We all account it an honor to be of this companye, as Dan Chaucer would say were he with us, met "to doon oure observaunce" to this June day when Professor Winchester completeth his fifty years of service in the two arts of teaching and writing. That this work has been done at Wesleyan has brought great distinction to the University. Many of you are Professor Winchester's former students, while I have never had the privilege of attending his classes. I am just one of his many friends. Still, I know what he has given you at Wesleyan, for I have read his books, which, if I am not mistaken, have been largely wrought out of the very substance of his lectures. And one of those lectures I once heard. It was far back in the abysm of time, perhaps as many as thirty-five years ago, when I was an under-

graduate at Yale. Professor Winchester gave an address in New Haven, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, I think, on Ludlow Castle, where Milton's *Comus,* with music by Henry Lawes, was first performed at a splendid entertainment given by the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales. I do not remember, at this distance of time, the details of that address. All I remember is that it was rich in description and in literary and historical incident, and that it thrilled me.

It was ten years after this address that Professor Winchester and I first met in conversation. We were on a transatlantic steamer, bound westward from Glasgow to New York. You all know how easy it is to get acquainted on shipboard. Ten days there will do the business of ten years on land, where we all try to conceal what we are by reserves and conventions. There were also several special reasons why Professor Winchester and I were thrown much together on that voyage. As we were both very poor men then, we were traveling on a small boat which undertook to convey first-class passengers across the Atlantic

for $40 a head. For myself, I had not considered what a cheap west-bound passage meant, especially if late in the season, as was ours. That steamer was filled with the riff-raff of American tourists, who had spent all their money in Europe, except what they had reserved for drink and play on the voyage home. And to say the truth, they had reserved a sufficient amount for these purposes. Perhaps the two most respectable persons on board, Professor Winchester and I naturally sought each other's company. Again, we happened to have rooms near together, which was conducive to night talk. We also ran into a dreadful storm while in mid-ocean. We were all ordered below, the engines would not work, the boats, it was rumored, were being lowered, and the ship rolled about helplessly—of this we were certain—in a tumult of waters. I can still hear that shout of Professor Winchester's on a dark midnight when the storm was at its height, as he called across to me to get up and dress, so as to be ready for the boats. We sat and talked for a while amid the music of the storm and the crash of crockery, and then we turned in again, hav-

ing decided to meet coolly, though not gaily, our fate. At length the hurricane subsided, and we escaped a wet grave with that miserable crowd.

The story of what Professor Winchester accomplished for English studies before and after this abortive disaster, I cannot relate here. I can only throw upon it a sidelight or two. Are we aware, I wonder, that this half-century of Professor Winchester's career covers nearly the entire period of English studies, apart from philology and composition, in American schools and colleges? He entered upon his work somewhat later than Child of Harvard, along with Lounsbury and Beers of Yale. These are the four pioneers who blazed the trail. Before their time English literature as literature was rarely in the curriculum of school or college. A graduate of Yale in the class of 1859 once remarked to me that during his four years in college he never heard an instructor mention the name of Tennyson or Browning or Shakespeare or Milton, and he was listening for those names. English literature, so far as it had crept into educational programs, had come mainly through manuals,

which gave brief biographies of a multitude of authors followed by descriptions, sometimes in smaller type, of their principal works. Instances seem to be rare where students were asked to read anything that an author had actually written—certainly anything more than an extract or a specimen. I need not tell you that condensed lives of literary men and lists of their books with formal comment thereon by mediocre intelligences are neither very profitable nor very entertaining. Not only were these books read, but students—especially girls in their "finishing schools"—were required to commit much of them to memory, for it was a period when great stress was placed upon training the juvenile mind to exact reproduction. Only the other evening a student of those days, somewhat more independent than the rest, was telling me that he once ventured to give to his professor the substance of a paragraph rather than the paragraph itself. His professor, who was the author of the paragraph, listened for a minute or two, and then told the young man to sit down, adding, "The words of the book were chosen with the very greatest care, and

I advise you not to try to improve upon them."

It may be that this professor's paragraph would stand any test that might be brought to bear upon it, but the case was quite different with some text-books then in use, of which the one then regarded as the best for students in English was called *A Complete Manual of English Literature,* by Thomas B. Shaw, M.A., a graduate of Cambridge University. The book is nothing but a compilation; it contains no firsthand appreciation of English authors; it gives merely a confused reflection of estimates by others; examine it where you will and you can find no positive evidence that Shaw had ever read any of the books he mentioned, but you will find in his inaccuracies positive evidence that he had never read the longer and more important ones. The inference of Professor Lounsbury is justified that Shaw had never read throughout any of the numerous novels, plays, essays, and poems that he described. This was the book that girls took to their rooms, pored over, and committed to memory, thinking that they were studying our great and glorious literature.

Such was the situation when the real pioneers appeared in the wilderness. They took their students directly to the great works of the great writers—to Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare and Milton, and eventually, forward into the nineteenth century, to Tennyson and Browning. Within a decade or two their method had permeated our whole educational system. There was doubtless some stumbling at the outset, and there has certainly been some stumbling since by the successors of the pioneers. It has always been a question what to do with an author like Shakespeare when we have got hold of him. Some have thought that the thing should be grammar under the name of philology. In the 'seventies there was running in a college that shall be nameless here a course in Shakespeare, in which the students read *Hamlet* and parsed all the most obscure sentences in that tragedy. Some years ago I asked a man who had taken that course whether he remembered any specific questions that were put to him. "Yes," he said, "the professor was always talking about the elusive relative pronoun in Shakespeare, meaning thereby *as*." It is true that

one may find elusive relatives, as well as elusive graces, in Shakespeare. Sir Hugh Evans says to the fairies in *Merry Wives:*

> But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
> Pinch them. . . .

The course contained nothing remotely literary except a debate at the end on the question whether Hamlet was mad, the conclusion being that Hamlet must have been out of his head, for had he been a normal young man he would not have been so rough with Ophelia.

The grammarians have had companions in the etymologists, the lineal descendants of Pope's "word-catchers," who under the influence of Archbishop Trench brought in the picturesque history of words, such as *roué,* now used to designate a man of "profligate character," but anciently and more properly meaning a man "wheeled, or broken on the wheel" for his crimes. To my shame I once consented to conduct a class of boys and girls through one of these books. There were also the antiquarians, who pounced upon Shakespeare and Milton for biblical, classical, and historical allusions, explain-

ing away, as a boy once put it, every "illusion" in the great Puritan poet. And there are the analytic gentlemen, not quite so common now as formerly, who set their students to counting the words in each sentence of an author in order to strike his average and compare his average with the average of somebody else.

Another group of scholars, calling themselves students in comparative literature, still roam about in "the happy hunting-ground" of parallel passages. When they light upon a passage like

> Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter. . . .

they wonder where the deuce Keats got that. The rhetoricians came in, too, with their formal treatises, made over from Whately; and young men learned to their disappointment that they lost rather than gained facility in writing by reading A. S. Hill on purity, clearness, force, and ease. It was then that the late Professor Lounsbury made the humorous remark: "Just as a man who hasn't enough money to found a college founds a university, so a man who hasn't brains

enough to write a grammar writes a rhetoric."

I have been preparing, you observe, a foil like the tin and quicksilver on the back of a looking-glass, so that one may see Professor Winchester properly reflected as he is. I would not say a word which might be construed as in the least disrespectful of grammar, rhetoric, etymology, the running down of allusions, or the detection of an author's thefts under the name of sources. In and of themselves they are all legitimate enough, but their pursuit has very little if anything to do with literature; and when they are more than casually introduced into literary study, they call attention from the really essential things; they switch the mind to a sidetrack which it is hard to leave. Now, Professor Winchester in none of his books ever admits these or other distractions. He concentrates attention upon the poet or essayist in hand (he best likes poets and essayists), and he never lets go of him and his work until the light and fervor of an appreciative intelligence has been turned on from many sides. Some of the questions he asks are: what does the man say and what is it

worth; what emotions does he awaken and are they true or false; and what of the man's art in its larger reaches? This is the general trend of his rare powers of literary interpretation. For historical background *per se* whereby an author may be displayed as the product of his age or the working out of social forces he cares little; and yet with a due sense of proportion he always provides a sufficient background for understanding, delight, and just appreciation. Nor does Professor Winchester run into irrelevant biographical details. He has written one admirable biography, and he calls it by its right name. But when he brings biography into a literary study, it does not stand alone, an impertinent thing; there is always an interplay between the incidents of an author's life and his personality as seen in his works. At length emerges a charming portrait like that of Charles Lamb. Herein lies Professor Winchester's distinction. Through his long career he has pursued none of those wandering fires which really neither warm nor illumine, but merely lead into phosphorescent quagmires. His endeavor has been to awaken in others his own great love of that

English literature which is the glory of the modern world.

And what has been the secret of his success? Professor Winchester is not one of those popular lecturers who can build an address on the foundation of a few hours' reading. With certain periods of our literature his mind is thoroughly saturated, and he confines himself to those periods. To him the primal element in literature is emotion, and he rather dislikes those books where many facts intrude to break up the emotion. Always the emotional charm of a favorite author becomes a part of his own personality; and then by his zest and vibrant style he conveys it all to his audience or readers. Those of you who have read his books must remember his comment on the wonderful sonnet by Shakespeare, beginning,

> That time of year thou mayst in me behold,
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs where late the sweet birds sang.

Or perhaps you would rather have me recall, out of local pride, a scene transfused with

emotion, which Professor Winchester describes from his study window here in Middletown on a day of early autumn, wherein he first observes in the middle distance a tree in the "gorgeous hues of copper and gold" and then uplifts his eyes over "the whole broad-lying landscape"—"the long, high horizon line, rising just in front of me into the broadly rounded solidity of a mountain; the russet-clad slopes of the eastern hills that border a river; the broad expanse of the river, lying like a quiet lake, bluer by far than the sky overhead; sloping fields, dotted here and there with farmhouses; and below and in front the roofs of the city among the fast thinning foliage of the trees." And on this beautiful prospect he lets his imagination dwell until the mountain beyond the Connecticut fades into the mountain he once saw from Wordsworth's house and on into the Mount Soracte of which his beloved Horace sang.

A man who writes like this is not only an inspiring guide to the greater poets and essayists; he is himself a maker of literature.

ADDRESS

IN BEHALF OF PROFESSOR WINCHESTER'S PUPILS

PROFESSOR GIBBS, '92

THE present occasion vindicates the bucolic adage that soon or late all chickens come home to roost. The particular fowl that seeks the domestic perch this evening is a highly respectable bird, with a suggestion of aristocratic pedigree; but in view of the special object of this gathering, its return causes some embarrassment. I mean that here at Wesleyan we are taught by precept and example that one of the capital secrets of power in expression is reserve, and that this principle is especially pertinent to the expression of personal affection, loyalty, and devotion. This is an instruction that returns to-night to plague, perhaps not the inventor, but certainly those of his pupils who attempt to put in words their gratitude and admiration. The resort of the bashful lover is to talk about the weather, trusting that by some magic of

suggestion he may impart the real state of his soul; and if his audience is a sympathetic one, this indirect way of speaking is as eloquent and persuasive as any other. Talking as the representative of many hundreds of Professor Winchester's pupils, I have as principal object the expression of the liveliest gratitude and the most genuine admiration. But I cannot speak directly to this point. I must take a leaf from the bashful lover's book, and deal directly only with some almost impersonal and academic phases of the teaching of literature in this University; and I must ask you to listen for a word that is above and beneath the words I may utter, a connotation, an overtone, that may speak of something in Professor Winchester's instruction and influence quite too intimately blended with the intellectual and moral life of us sons of Wesleyan to be isolated, phrased, or even fully recognized.

A saying of the critic Taine may serve as a touchstone for disclosing the nature of this influence as related to the needs of students whom Professor Winchester serves. "Sooner or later," said Taine, "every intellectual worker must make his peace with

science." For more than thirty years the besetting temptation of teachers in non-scientific fields has been to make a peace of total surrender. A teacher of English may make this surrender in several ways: he may confine his attention to the mechanism of expression, to the natural-history of language, or to the measurable political and social forces that influence the history of literature. He may even yield to the conviction that literature itself is only a branch or an adjunct of science. Now, though no sane person denies the benefits that both literature and the teaching of literature have gained from the influence of science, no one who understands the educational role of literature desires that it be taught as a science. To be utterly scientific is to deal exclusively with ideas and objects that are exactly measurable. Literature deals with matters too closely akin to the human spirit itself to be even approximately measurable. To attempt to quantify it is to falsify it, or at best to omit the element that constitutes its unique life. The attempt to apply a scientific method to an inappropriate subject matter defeats itself and becomes unscien-

tific. In the meantime the educational values of literature have been sacrificed. In the face of the large claims of science to satisfy every spiritual need, to provide a scientific morality, a scientific art, and a scientific religion, the department of literature at Wesleyan has had the courage to be in sufficient measure non-scientific, to respect the peculiar character of its subject, never to confuse between ends and means in instruction and scholarship, and to furnish in the person of its head a conspicuous example of the humanizing results of literary culture.

One is aware that the scientific danger has its counterpart. Sentimentalism is more odious than pedantry. Occasionally even a writer of the first rank becomes a victim of this infatuation. Keats lamented the fact that Newton, by demonstrating the laws of the refraction of light, had robbed the rainbow of its beauty and enrolled it in the dull catalogue of common things. The correctives of sentimentality are a respect for facts and a sense of humor. Students of the imaginative arts are grateful to the scientific spirit for some measure of the former, though they are not wholly dependent on

the example of the professional scientist for it. The sense of humor they find growing in considerable abundance on their own estate. Here at Wesleyan we are taught to prize chiefly, not the authors who speak from romantic distances or transcendental heights, but those who talk, like good Methodists, from experience. We turn the pages of Shelley, but we lay to heart the wisdom of Shakespeare, Burns, Wordsworth, and Browning. Our sophomoric raptures and giddy flights into the intense inane are checked by demands for homely instances. We are made to recognize the wise laughter of the mind that Meredith talks about. If any of us lack the due measure of intellectual vigor and realism, we cannot ascribe the defect to our preceptor in literature. He leads us to discern in poetry a subtle logic; he causes us to value most the poetry that has assimilated a heavy burden of tragic, grim, and even sordid facts, and has become wise as well as brilliant, exquisite, or gay.

Is it possible to define positively the ideal that controls the teaching of literature in this college? The nearest approach to such a definition was made by Professor Win-

chester in reply to a student's question put to him by one of my classmates. The question was one of those vague inquiries that inadvertently reveal the complacent innocent egotism of youth—whether the motive for reading great masters of prose should not be the improvement of the student's own style. As if Swift, Carlyle, Thackeray, and the rest were primarily models of English composition for young collegians with a burden—some message to deliver to the ages! The reply was patient. It declared the object of reading to be a sympathetic understanding, not merely of the ideas of the author, but of his total spirit in its unity and life. In such wise, according to our capacity, are we taught to read at Wesleyan. The unit of study is not the book, the literary form, the linguistic medium, nor even the period or the cultural trend, but the mind of the author, the man. Literary style is treated as the means of transmitting personality; the task of the teacher is to enable us raw students to enter the society of the intellectually great in the confidence that such association, and only such association, can kindle and sustain the life of the mind.

This service is one of self-effacement; but it is always one of the highest educational achievements and is especially necessary in an era in which science more and more calls the tune in educational thought and practice. Impersonal truth is not "truth carried alive into the heart by passion"; impersonal truth has little power to "set the hearts of youth on flame." The proper study of mankind is still man—and not solely as humanity is sketched out in descriptive formulas, but also as it is represented by the great artists and humanists of the race. The study of literature at Wesleyan is the process of becoming acquainted with those exemplars of humanity. Our gratitude is beyond expression or measure, the more so as we are led to recognize the delicacy of the task and the poise, skill, and discernment necessary for a teacher of humane learning amid the confusing educational theories of our time.

ADDRESS

AS COLLEAGUE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Professor Mead, '81

I count it a privilege and an honor to have the opportunity of expressing publicly the obligation I owe to one who, for many years, has been my closest colleague and friend; and yet I feel some of the embarrassment that the hero of Charles Dudley Warner's "Being a Boy" felt at his first evening party. Never before had John found any difficulty in talking to Cynthia, his red-headed sweetheart, but now he stood tongue-tied and simply could not think of anything good enough to say at the party. But, after all, my difficulty is not exactly the same as his. I feel rather the impossibility of packing into a few words the thousand things I have felt these many years, and have not said because there has been no suitable opportunity. But if all were to be taken out of my life that directly or indirectly I owe to my teacher and colleague, the record

would be indeed strangely different, and I should not be here to-night.

There have been two or three great turning points in my life, and one of them came when, at the age of sixteen, I entered Wesleyan University and passed under the spell of Professor Winchester. At that time, he was the youngest professor in the faculty, and he had a youthfulness of spirit joined to maturity of thought and felicity of expression that appealed to me at once. He had succeeded a brilliant teacher, Fales Newhall, professor of rhetoric and English literature and instructor in Hebrew, but in a very real sense Professor Winchester introduced into the Wesleyan curriculum the study of English literature as distinct from facts about literature.

In common with most other American colleges, Wesleyan, for the first forty years or more of its history, gave little attention to the systematic study of literature; rhetoric and composition and debate were the mainstays in the department of English. Any young fellow, decently brought up, was supposed to be ready to read literature if he could find the time. But Professor Win-

chester, with his usual keen insight, realized that the average student needs some guidance if he is to work to advantage, and he developed a simple and natural plan of classroom work along with outside reading. His method was to supplement a brief historical outline of the literature with brilliant comment on individual authors, and to bring the student into sympathetic yet critical relations with the literature read in the classroom. We were made to feel that literature is a human thing requiring close attention to the men who made it. And a very effective method it was.

As I look back to those days of long ago, I remember the thrill that came over me when, under his inspiring touch, I first saw a new heaven and a new earth! I had had a leaning toward mineralogy and geology, and I had diligently studied rhombic dodecahedrons and scalenodedrons, and had toyed a little with the pterodactyl and the plesiosaurus, but I soon decided that such company was rather too old for me, and I began to look for something more congenial.

I remember marching off one winter night with two or three fellow students to a coun-

try church three miles away to hear one of the earliest of those brilliant lectures which have since then charmed so many thousands of hearers. That night I stood as it were on a mountain top and for the first time looked across the great enchanted sea of literature on which I was to spend the best years of my life. About that time I began to ask myself whether I might not some day venture in humble fashion to point the way to students of English. And, as things sometimes come to those that stand and wait, so it was with me.

I pass over the years of association in the Wesleyan library, where Professor Winchester was librarian and where I at length became assistant librarian. The only compensation I had in my student days was the privilege of drawing an unlimited number of books and of being in close association with the librarian, but I felt that the return was ample.

In the decade between 1880 and 1890, there came a great change over the study of English in American colleges. When I was a student at Wesleyan, very few colleges gave courses in English earlier than the six-

teenth century, except, perhaps, in Chaucer; but owing to the activities of such scholars as Sievers and Ten Brink and Zupitza in Germany, and Furnivall and Morris and Skeat and Sweet in England, and March and Child and Cook in America, there was a growing realization of the fact that it was absurd to study Latin and Greek roots and to be anxious to know the elements of the fixed stars and to give no attention to the antecedents of the language and literature of the time of Shakespeare and Spenser and Milton.

In the year 1889 the Ayres bequest of $250,000 wrought something of a revolution at Wesleyan and made specialization in various departments possible. This was a reform long overdue. In my student years the professors were expected to show a range of knowledge that rivaled King Solomon's in his best days, and they discoursed on everything from the cedars of Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. Professor Rice once covered the departments of geology, mineralogy, physical geography, physiology, biology, botany, and the relations of science and religion, besides

serving as secretary of the faculty and now and then as college preacher, though in his later career he contented himself mainly with geology. While I was in college, Professor Winchester covered the entire field of English literature and language, to say nothing of rhetoric and composition and logic and the management of the college library. In the old days of book recitations this was all very well, but it almost smothered the man who tried to do it.

The year 1890 marks the time of Professor Winchester's partial emancipation from bondage. When the call came to me to accept a chair at Wesleyan after three years' study in Europe, there were two considerations that mainly influenced me to come to Wesleyan rather than to go to a larger university in the Middle West; one was that I might work in my own college, and the other, that I might continue my association with my old friend and teacher.

For considerably more than a quarter of a century we have lived side by side, closer than many brothers live, and as peaceably as two kittens in a basket. The relation of two closely allied departments in a college

like Wesleyan is not the relation of two abstractions: it is a very human and personal thing. No one could have had a colleague more delicately considerate than I have had. There inevitably arise numerous occasions in a college department, as in the best regulated families, for wide differences of opinion when questions of policy are concerned. Yet in all these years there has not been one serious misunderstanding.

I could say more and yet more, but I realize that my time is spent and that better things are yet to come, still I may at least say in closing that I am proud to be the colleague of one who for many years has been one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the humanizing forces that have moulded Wesleyan University.

ADDRESS

AS COLLEAGUE ON THE FACULTY FOR A HALF-CENTURY

Professor Rice, '65

The speakers who have preceded me are men of high attainment and reputation in the study of literature, and are abundantly competent to estimate the value of Professor Winchester's work as a student, a critic, and a teacher of English literature.

I have no such qualifications. I am an unæsthetic scientist, and presumably know less about English literature than Professor Winchester knows about geology. He certainly once knew something about geology, for I passed him up. The only reason for my being on the program is a half-century of friendship and comradeship.

Professor Winchester was a member of the first class upon which I tried my 'prentice hand as a teacher. The art of recitation had not then become a lost art. A good student in those days was accustomed to deliver a résumé of one or two pages of a text-

book, more or less, in good, clear English, without waiting to have his knowledge corkscrewed out of him by a series of questions. There were three men in that class whose recitations surpassed almost anything that I have ever heard since. In recent years a recitation such as those men were accustomed to make would have taken my breath away. Winchester was one of that trio.

In those old days, at evening chapel, after hymn and prayer, a senior was accustomed to ascend the platform and deliver an oration. To read or to hear the compositions of undergraduates is not usually a great inspiration to an instructor, though occasionally there is the joy of seeing in the performance of an undergraduate some embryonic prophecy of ability to do something some time. There was one man in that first senior class —I need not name him—whose orations had a maturity of thought and an exquisite beauty of language which an undergraduate very seldom attains. Some of the thoughts and some fine turns of expression impressed themselves upon my memory, and remain to this day.

At his graduation in 1869, Winchester

was elected librarian, and continued in charge of the library until 1885, though in the later years he had an assistant to relieve him of most of the routine work. In 1873 he was elected professor of the department which he has made the joy and pride of every son of Wesleyan.

I cannot speak of his lectures on literature from the point of view of an expert. But it may be worth while to speak of the impression his lectures have made on men of my own class—men of some general intelligence, whose main intellectual activities have been in very different lines from his. We men of science, trained to minute accuracy of observation and cautious induction, dealing largely in careful quantitative work, weighing, measuring, counting, and mapping, like to turn to literature sometimes for recreation and inspiration. When we hear a literary lecture, we want to find recreation or inspiration. We are not greatly interested in the *wissenschaftlich* criticism which has been ground out so abundantly for doctoral theses in German universities. We are not anxious for inventories of strong and weak inflections, of dialectic peculiarities, of

imperfect rhymes, or of metrical eccentricities. What we have enjoyed when we have heard Professor Winchester lecture on literature is the intense humanity which he has revealed. He has made us acquainted with the writers of whom we have heard him speak, so that we have taken those men into the circle of our friends. We have loved to hear him because he has enlarged and ennobled our human experience. We like him, too, for his interest in normal mental processes, in wholesome thoughts and feelings and passions. Literature, as he has presented it to us, is not a museum of mental and moral pathology. His lectures have inspired us with a new appreciation of the religious outlook of human nature. He has not preached at us, but no less he has shown us that human thought and human life are noblest when they are linked with the divine. I have always been impressed in his lectures by the harmonious union of delicacy of sentiment and strong common sense.

For fifty years I have been a colleague of Professor Winchester in the faculty of Wesleyan University. I know something of his faithfulness in all the details of college work.

He has not been the kind of professor who knows nothing of the college outside of his own lecture room or laboratory. He has been a useful and efficient member of the faculty in the general work of the college. He has served on innumerable committees, including some of the most important ones, notably the committee on course of study and the advisory committee on candidates for faculty positions. His usefulness has not been exclusively in the college. He has been a faithful member of his church and a good citizen in the community. In the church he has been the superintendent of the Sunday school, a teacher of a Bible class, and always an inspiring speaker in the prayer meetings. Once he was a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I think it is fortunate that he has served continuously in one position. Years ago he had an opportunity to go to a great university on a salary larger than he has ever received here. But I believe he has achieved a greater and more enduring usefulness by building his life into the college which he has loved.

Well, Winchester, we have been friends for a good while. What good times we had together in our frisky youth when we boarded together! How we startled the staid and reverend members of the faculty, most of whom were old enough to be our fathers! I shall never forget the pathos with which you used to sing the story of Hamlet, ending with that direful catastrophe in which

> ...The Danish court
> 'All tumbled one on t'other.

Our extemporaneous frolics at faculty parties were not so elaborately artistic as the dramatic shows which the Monday Club has given in later years; but they did not cost much time, and we had a lot of fun. We have borne together the burden and heat of the day. We have rejoiced in each other's joys and sympathized in each other's sorrows. We have rejoiced in the growing endowment and equipment, reputation and influence, of the college we have loved. And now the sun hangs low near the western horizon. May the twilight be long and bright! Let me close in the words of that

great poet whom you have taught us "how to know," wishing you

> . . . An old age serene and bright,
> And lovely as a Lapland night.

RESPONSE

Professor Winchester, '69

I confess that since I learned two or three weeks ago of the honor my friends were preparing to confer upon me, I have had a kind of dread of this evening, partly because it must inevitably dispel any illusion which I have perhaps too long indulged that I am still a young man—it is never altogether pleasant to attend the funeral of your own youth; and partly also, because I felt that the kind things which would be said with reference to my long stay and work in Wesleyan, whatever basis of fact they might have, would naturally be exaggerated by personal friendship and respect for mere years. It is not merely *"De mortuis,"* but also *"De morituris nil nisi bonum dicendum est."* But you will let me say now that, as I have sat here this evening, all such feelings have been quite overcome and forgotten in the assurance of your personal regard and friendship, for it is this that has touched me most deeply. I am, of course, grateful to

know that the work I have tried to do in Wesleyan through the years has been in the judgment of those qualified to decide, in some respects, successful; but I am more glad that I may think that, among the thousands of students I have known in the last fifty years, I have so many friends; for that is, after all, about the best reward any teacher can have, especially a teacher who has spent all his life in the same place.

I know you will pardon me if an occasion like this forces my thoughts backward over the years. I have often of late recalled the first remark I ever made in Middletown, some fifteen minutes after I arrived; it was unconsciously prophetic. One or two of my hearers will remember that if you entered Middletown by rail fifty years ago, as you alighted from the train, you found yourself facing a well-populated graveyard, the Roman Catholic cemetery. Two of us boys, that July morning, coming to Middletown for our entrance examination, were a bit startled by that greeting; but, as we walked up a few steps to Main Street, we saw at the first corner another graveyard, the old cemetery where the forefathers of

the hamlet have been sleeping for two hundred years; a few steps farther, and we passed a third graveyard, appropriately named the Mortimer cemetery, flanked at the entrance by a marble cutter's shop; a little farther on, turning up the old street toward the college, we caught a glimpse of another cemetery, and yet farther, quite on the top of the hill, appeared a fifth. I said to the chum with me, "George, if I get out of this town alive, it will evidently be more than most people have done." I am glad to say that prediction has been fulfilled. I never expect to get out of Middletown alive, and since that July morning fifty-four years ago, I have had no other home. I may safely say that during the whole period I have been attached to Middletown, for, except the years spent abroad on college leave, I have never been out of the city for more than a few weeks at a time in the half century. I count it a privilege to have lived so long in the most beautiful city of New England, and for one-half that time on its most beautiful street, a city set in a region of which I may say, parodying old Dr. Butler: "Doubtless God could have made a more beautiful

region, but doubtless God never did," a region whose roads and lanes and hills and streams seem to me more lovely every year. I count myself doubly fortunate to have found here congenial work and congenial friends in Wesleyan University; work expanding to the limits of my ability, friends in the trustees, faculty, and students of the college to whom I could always look for hearty support and fellowship. All the work of my life has been, in some way, rooted in Wesleyan University; it is a comfort to know as one draws toward the sunset, that one's work, however slight its success, was blemished by no really fatal errors, darkened by no personal animosities.

But this is not the hour or the place for purely personal reminiscence. Let me rather say something of the old college as I first knew it. When I entered Wesleyan in 1865, the catalogue showed an attendance of 121; the senior class numbered 16; there was a faculty of a president, five professors, and one instructor. When I graduated in 1869, there were 148 men in the college. In those four years there had been one very notable addition to the faculty; in 1867,

William North Rice was elected professor of geology, and with his accession began the rapid and remarkable development in scientific study which marked the history of Wesleyan for the next half-century. Some of us who came to know Professor Rice in our senior year, and have known him with increasing admiration and friendship through the following years, cannot forget that it was to him that we owed our introduction to modern scientific thought and its manifold relations to the truths of life.

But I want to say a word in commendation of that little college of the later sixties. I am sometimes inclined to resent the tone of advanced superiority in which I hear it spoken of. If there were but seven men on its faculty, they had only about 140 men to teach, and the men on that faculty were all real teachers. The course was, at all events, compact and symmetrical; it did not bewilder the student in a maze of electives; nor did it expect him to decide by the time he was through sophomore year what he was to do for the rest of his life, and to choose his electives in accordance with that decision. It is rather the fashion to depreciate classical

study just now; but the student of English will admit, at all events, that there is hardly any better training in accuracy and felicity of phrase and in the appreciation of literary form, than the attempt to translate in a satisfactory way some of the odes of Horace. Instruction in philosophy and economics in the old college was mostly given, not by reading, but by text-books and recitation, or rather by text-books and discussion; perhaps there is no better method. When, for example, President Cummings, in the class in Butler's *Analogy,* said to one of his youngsters, "Will you give Butler's argument to prove that the present scheme of divine government is not perfect but progressive?" and then, pushing his spectacles back on his forehead, waited for an answer, you found it necessary to have a close train of reasoning packed accurately into your mind and then to give it out in your own words; and there is no better training for both thought and expression than that. And, when I hear it said sometimes that such a narrow and academic education as that shut men out from interest in the affairs of the great world, and won't do for our day when

we are just coming out of a great world war, and the air is full of questioning and danger, I think that the people who say that forget that, when we boys entered college in 1865, we too had just come out of a great war in which our fathers, brothers, nay some of us, had been fighting (five of my own class saw service in the Civil War). That was a war that came near being a world conflagration. We remembered when Mr. Adams said to England's prime minister, "Your Excellency will remember that this means war"; when Napoleon the Little had almost got his imperial grip upon Mexico; we remembered when the greatest American was assassinated; our first presidential vote was cast for General Grant; and all through our college course and for some time thereafter, the country was seething with problems more difficult and serious even than those of to-day. No! The old college that taught men to think did not unfit men for life.

But you will not infer from the enthusiasm of an old man for the college that found him young—and did very much to keep him so—that I suppose the college of the late sixties would suit the conditions of to-day.

A college or any other institution that does not grow and adapt itself to changing conditions is dying. Wesleyan has been steadily growing for the last half-century. Everybody admits that the most striking phenomenon for the last thirty years is the rapid growth of physical science and its manifold influences and relations to the needs and thoughts of men. Professor Rice could tell you how promptly and ably Wesleyan University responded to this great advance in thought. If I emphasize for a few moments the growth of interest in another department, it is because I am better acquainted with it. But let me here disclaim any such important part in the development of English literature in the college as my friends have been kind enough to suggest. It was rather my good fortune, when I was graduated without any special preparation for anything, to be assigned to work for which at that time it was the general opinion that no special preparation was necessary—I was first appointed college librarian. A new library building had just been built large enough to accommodate 90,000 volumes, and we had 13,000 volumes to put in it. To ar-

range these volumes on the shelves and designate them by proper labels would seem a task that might safely be intrusted to an intelligent youngster with some liking for the outsides of books. That was nominally my work for the next four years. I very soon found, however, as other librarians were finding—Dr. Dewey at Amherst, for example—that with a growing library the system of arrangement for which our library was built was inadequate; I began to change it before I left the library, and my successors have been changing it ever since. Our library to-day is larger than fifty years ago by 100,000 volumes, and no one would be for one moment considered competent to do the work of arranging or cataloguing it who had not been trained in modern library science.

I began my teaching of English with a similar lack of preparation. During my undergraduate years, little English was taught in college, and none was required for admission. It is true that, under the head of English requirements printed in the catalogue, stood the portentous statement, "Ancient and modern history, ancient and mod-

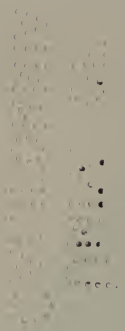
ern geography, English grammar." How much ancient and modern geography and history the examiners expected to get or the candidates proposed to give, I am sure I don't know; I have no recollection about it, but I do remember my own examination in English grammar. It was conducted by the venerable John Johnston, professor of all the natural sciences, and it ran thus: "Mr. Winchester?" "Yes." " 'Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade!' Parse *shade.*" How I parsed *shade* I do not know, but when I had done it, I had passed the examination.

A year or two before I entered Wesleyan, one of the most brilliant men that ever taught here, Fales Newhall, was elected professor of rhetoric and English literature and instructor in Hebrew. Doctor Newhall taught rhetoric during several years, in class and out of it; he could not help it; but perhaps the work he most enjoyed was that as instructor in Hebrew. In my senior year I elected Hebrew, partly because the only elective offered in college then was a cruel choice between Hebrew and differential calculus, and I felt I had reached the

limit of my own mathematical attainments; partly, however, because I wanted to be in Doctor Newhall's class. I did not get much Hebrew, nor care to, but I shall always remember the intense vividness with which he used to read and expound some passages in Isaiah and in the Psalms—that was teaching English literature! As to his formal instruction in English literature, it comprised merely one term's study, sophomore year, of a rather dry history of English literature; and when Professor Newhall left, in 1871, even that was dropped.

The year 1873, as you know, marks the beginning of a new period in the history of our curriculum; for it was then that a plan of elective study was somewhat cautiously introduced. It was in this college year 1873-1874 that English literature began to be taught in Wesleyan. Here again, if I may drop into autobiography, I was in luck. When I was appointed librarian at my graduation, I do not suppose anyone ever expected I should teach anything; I had no such expectation myself. In the next two or three years I was employed several times as a stop-gap; before the end of my first

WESLEYAN FACULTY, 1872



year I helped in the rhetorical work of the freshman and sophomore years, and was once even put in charge of a class in logic. When, therefore, it was decided that some English literature ought to go into the list of elective studies; as the professor of modern languages did not care to take it and as there was no one else at hand, with a very unjustifiable rashness I was made professor of rhetoric and English literature. I had but one course, assigned to the junior year, but I ventured in this course to adopt a more modern and scholarly text-book, and to combine with the text-book work the careful reading in class of several great English classics, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope. The plan was, in following years, modified and enlarged in various ways, especially by requiring every member of the class to take a short course of collateral reading by himself. About 1880, being relieved of work in the library, and of teaching in other departments, I ventured to add a second more advanced course so that the work of the department might run into two years. In 1890, when my friend, Professor Mead, took

charge of rhetoric in the lower classes, I was enabled to add yet another course, thus giving three full-year courses to the study, and I soon added a one-hour course of lectures on literary criticism. Professor Mead also extended the range of English study by offering early English and linguistics. This has been the program of the department for the past twenty years, except that within the last ten years, with the increase in size of the classes, the introductory courses have been given in part by assistants.

I may add that the large but meaningless statement for admission in English, "ancient history, geography, grammar," written in the catalogue remained there until 1873, when I succeeded in having it changed to "English grammar and history of the United States." In the late seventies, I think first in 1878, a number of teachers of English in the New England colleges held a conference to see if it were not possible to arrange a reasonable and uniform admission requirement in English, a requirement which should lay the foundation for further study in college and at the same time encourage the study of English in secondary schools. As

a result of the meeting, there appeared in our catalogue and in those of several colleges in the year 1880-1881 a new requirement calling for the writing at the hour of the examination of a brief essay, the subject to be taken from one of several specified English masterpieces. The example was followed by other colleges, and in 1885 there was formed the Commission of New England Colleges on Entrance Examinations, which in the next fifteen years secured unified requirements not only in English but in several other studies, and by subsequent arrangement has provided for uniformity of entrance examinations in most of the colleges of the United States.

This brief sketch may show that Wesleyan was not behind her sister New England colleges in recognizing the importance of English literature. And to-day no one surely will deny the claim of the literature of our own language to a place in any system of higher education. If, as Mr. Arnold observed, culture consists in knowing "the best which has been thought and said," then culture is manifestly hardly possible without an acquaintance with literature. For, what

is literature? Not perhaps all the best that has been thought and said, for that might include science; but literature is the best thought that has been touched and vitalized with emotion and uttered in a manner of lasting charm. Thus defined, literature is obviously the best interpreter of life—the life of the individual man and the life of historical periods. For the temper of a man depends not merely nor principally upon what he thinks, but upon what he feels; the character of an age depends not merely upon its permanent intellectual qualities, but upon its dominant tone of feeling. It is not too much to say that if we wish to know any life outside the little circle of our own personal acquaintance, we must know it largely through books. If you want to understand the growth of thought and accompanying changes of feeling on matters of scientific, religious, political, and social importance, say, in England from 1840 to 1880, you must read Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Carlyle. You will find there the best record of the inner life of the period.

This statement may suggest that our conception of literature is often too narrow. We

are prone to confine the term to such writings as appeal primarily to the sense of beauty, of which poetry may be the purest type. But no really good literature, I think, was ever born of merely æsthetic impulse. The maxim, "Art for art's sake," marks a narrow and shallow literature. Keats says, I know, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." That is true, and it is the secret of some specimens of literature, Keats's own poems for example. We remember them, we admire them, but we do not live with them. For the great books do not merely soothe and satisfy, they arouse and inspire; a great literature must be wise as well as beautiful. Thus the round of good literature which may be studied and taught in college stimulates all ideas of our thinking for all our lives long. I have been reading with two classes this year, in one, the writings of Edmund Burke, and in the other the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Of the brilliance and force of Burke's style and the subtlety of Emerson's I think I had some appreciation years ago; but every reading enlarges one's conception of Burke's political wisdom, which in some passages seems

almost prophetic and might have been written to-day; and every reading of Emerson clarifies our vision of those truths of his philosophy which underlie our deepest thinking, now and always. There may be questions as to how much of our literature should be read in college, questions as to the order in which it should be studied, questions as to the best method of approach—whether historical, biographical, or critical; on all such questions teachers will differ, and it is perhaps only by experience that any teacher can map out a scheme of study suited to college work; but there is no question that every college ought to give opportunity and invitation for such lines of study.

If it is to be said that a true appreciation of the best literature is beyond the ability of young men in college, that may be admitted readily enough—it is beyond the ability of professors too. I never felt so strongly as this year the need of more history and political science to appreciate Burke, or more philosophy to appreciate Emerson. But, on the other hand, most young men by the time they are half way through college are beginning to discover their natural in-

tellectual and emotional aptitudes; that is what they come to college for. I think, indeed, that the study of literature should always be elective, for the degree of enjoyment that must precede literary appreciation cannot be required and commanded; but, given such initial inclination, the student will respond to the growing attractiveness of his author and will soon feel that a real appreciation of literature is impossible with a careless or desultory reading, but that it demands and will repay close study.

And may I say in a word that I think this cultivation of a liking for the best in literature was never more needed than at the present moment. I remember that ever since the time of Horace, the old man has been a *"laudator temporis acti,"* and I must not close on a note of depreciation of everything less than a half-century old; but I must confess that of late I can understand the maxim of Charles Lamb: "When a new book comes out, I always read an old one." For I remember some books that were new in my college days: Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* and *Idylls of the King,* and Browning's *Dramatis Personæ* and *The Ring and the Book,*

Matthew Arnold's poems and most of his essays. I remember also some books written on this side of the water. I remember on a day's journey, during a summer vacation, reading Whittier's *Snow-Bound,* the most perfect idyll of New England life ever written. As for war poetry, the year I entered college James Russell Lowell was writing the last and best of the *Biglow Papers* and the great *Commemoration Ode.* Emerson had recently published the noble quatrain on *Sacrifice:*

> Though love repine, and reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply,—
> "'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was writing the *Breakfast Table* series in the new *Atlantic Monthly,* and Emerson was still giving life to the last gleanings of his noble heart. When I entered college, two great novelists, one in America and one in England, had just died, Hawthorne and Thackeray. And in my freshman year the students were interested enough to write essays about them. In my junior year, if I remember rightly,

the third great novelist, Charles Dickens, came to see us here in America, and we students crowded up to Hartford to see him and hear him read. There are novels enough now being published in English, but can you mention a single one of them that you are sure will be known and quoted fifty years from now? We read enough to-day—too much—we have a plague of reading, but I am inclined to say that never has there been a time when men read so much and thought so little. Some of us in our college days were not much used to the theater, but we managed to hear Fechter and Edwin Booth in "Hamlet," and a little later in England, Henry Irving; but nowadays, seven nights a week, men and women flock to moving picture shows which seem especially adapted to deaf-and-dumb amusement of feeble imaginations. Nothing keeps the heart young like really great literature, but most of the plays that are written to-day seem intended to minister to the unhealthy curiosity of callow youth or to amuse the senility of second childhood. As to poetry, we have a whole school who assure us not only that they are poets, but declare themselves to be

the first and only original poets of America. The lady who is the leader and sponsor for the school, and who has written what she calls poetry on some red slippers in a Boston shop window, and on the dining room in the Grand Central Station, and other poems in verse, free in more senses than one, on vulgar life in decayed New England towns, has also written essays in which she gravely declares that her great namesake of the *Biglow Papers* who set the real Yankee in verse was probably a cultivated, well-read man, but not really a poet—least of all, a gentlemanly American poet.

Well, time will show. Meantime I think we shall do well to cherish for ourselves and to recommend to all our pupils those ideals of spirit and form which have been embodied in lasting literature—literature that keeps the intellect strong, the heart young, the imagination fresh, and the feelings pure. For myself, I can say as I sit down, and it is the sum of all that I have to say, that I am thankful to Wesleyan for having given me the privilege of spending fifty years of my life largely in the reading and studying of such literature in the company of younger

pupils who shared and doubled my own enthusiasm.

It is getting toward the sunset; only seven members of my own class are yet living; no man who was on the faculty of Wesleyan when I first joined it is now in active service. I miss many friends and many joys that live now only in memory. As we grow old, we must needs "count our rosary by the beads we miss." It has been my privilege for all these years to think almost daily, and in some measure to help others to think also, upon those things that are pure, and just, and honest, and lovely, and of good report, as they are enshrined in literature; and it is just because that has been my privilege that I have escaped and still hope to escape something of the chill of life's late afternoon, and

Obey at eve the voice obeyed at prime.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

DAILY CHAPEL SERVICE

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1920

(The morning following Professor Winchester's death)

PRAYER

By Professor Crawford

Our heavenly Father, thou knowest the burdened hearts with which we come into thy presence this morning. Yesterday the gifted teacher, the beloved friend was with us. To-day he is gone. He who for over half a century has spoken to the men on this campus words of high inspiration, of poetic beauty, of kindly sympathy, will speak such words no more forever. O God, our Father, our broken words cannot tell our loss to thee nor even to ourselves.

But while our hearts are full of grief, they are also full of gratitude. We thank thee, O God, for thy gift to the world in the life and service of Caleb Winchester. We thank thee for what that life has meant to us and to all the multitudes whom it has touched for good. We thank thee for the keen intellect and the rare gift of utterance which enabled him to interpret to successive generations of college students the highest truths of literature, history, and philosophy; for

the friendly sympathy which bound us to him by ties which nothing could sever save cruel death itself; for his simple and unfaltering faith in thee; and for the steady will which transmuted that faith into righteous living. And we thank thee for our faith that that noble soul which has left us has not simply been blotted out, but has only been called to the fellowship of the church triumphant which is without fault before the throne of God.

We humbly invoke thy blessing on the stricken family from whom thou hast removed husband and father and brother. We pray for the college which he loved, and to which he gave the last full measure of devotion. We beseech thee that here, and wherever youth are gathered for study, thou wilt raise up men of talent who shall dedicate their talent to the high ideals which our brother cherished, and who shall be sustained in life and in death by the same faith which sustained him. We ask in the name of his Master and ours. Amen.

REMARKS

By Vice-President Dutcher

One thought fills our minds this morning. We are bowed in a common sorrow because our Professor Winchester passed from among us last evening. Whether we had known him for a half-century, as had Professor Crawford, or for a score of years, as was my own privilege, or for the four years of the college generation, as had you seniors, or for a few short weeks, as had you men of the freshman class—we all loved him, we all feel a deep sense of personal loss.

This is not the time to rehearse our appreciation of his rich scholarship, of his exquisite literary taste, of his virile philosophy of life, of his sincere Christian faith exemplified in a life of rare consistency, of his quiet but deep moral earnestness, of his charm and inspiration as a teacher. We think of him at this hour as a regular attendant upon these chapel services, of the religious value of which he often spoke with deep feeling, and as a leader in these morning devotions

whose prayers were beautiful benedictions. We think of him as the friend whose gracious manner and kindly speech always warmed our hearts, as the wise counselor to whom we always turned with a confidence that was never disappointed. You younger men of the student body, like the members of fifty earlier Wesleyan classes, will ever remember him as the best beloved of teachers. We older men of the faculty have, through the years of our service at Wesleyan, looked to him as an exemplar, and have ventured to hope that in some degree our own efforts might partake of the fine qualities we marked in the wisdom and excellence of his teaching. To us all his life will remain an inspiration and a challenge.

Our own grief is deep and overcoming, but we do not forget those who knew him in the sweeter and closer relations of the home, to whom our sympathy goes out, and for whom we offer our earnest prayers to the heavenly Father for the consolation he alone can bring to them in their irreparable loss.

FUNERAL
OF
PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1920

REMARKS

By Rev. William De Verne Beach, D.D.

Pastor, First Methodist Episcopal Church, Middletown, Connecticut, 1913-1920

Fifty-five years ago Caleb Thomas Winchester united with the First Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, coming from Wilbraham, Massachusetts, where he had been a student, and for all these years he has been continuously a member, not merely in the sense that his name has been upon the roll, but in that he has steadily carried the church in his thought and affection, and has conscientiously given of his time and strength and money for its life. He has occupied most of the official positions within the gift of the church, such as Sunday school teacher, Sunday school superintendent, steward, trustee, and chairman of the music committee, and he has magnified them all by the grace of his personality and the efficiency of his service. Altogether he has built himself into the church in a unique way, which makes it difficult to overestimate his

worth, even as it will be impossible for any one to fill his place. In his going from us we feel a sense of irreparable loss. It is

> As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
> Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

It was my high privilege to be Professor Winchester's pastor for seven years. The friendship thus granted me revealed qualities in him concerning which I wish I were more competent to speak—simplicity of heart and singleness of purpose, sturdy fidelity to duty at all times and under all conditions, grace and charm which marked his whole life even as they did each separate task. Many other characteristics may seem to others of his friends to be equally prominent; these were the three which impressed me most.

His interests were wide in range and rich in variety—literature first and foremost, of course; but music, also, of which he was passionately fond, and in which he was personally more gifted than his modesty would admit; education, a concern which prompted him for many years to lend his aid to Wil-

braham Academy, the president of whose board of trustees he was at his death; and civic matters; and sports—my purpose is not to exhaust the list, but to suggest that in the simplicity of Professor Winchester's faith and the singleness of his purpose, they were not many things but one. I did not name religion as one of his interests, because it was not one among many, but one in and through them all. It was not something apart from the rest of life, it was a part of all his life. In both his thinking and his living the line between secular and sacred had vanished. It was one of his frequent remarks that he thought he was serving God as truly while he lectured at college as when he led in prayer at church. He had achieved what Saint Paul said about his own life: it was all "one thing," the whole inner life united in loyalty to Jesus Christ, the whole varied round of outer activities made one by their consecration to that same Master and Lord.

Equally marked was his fidelity to duty, whether in matters large or small, vitally important or seemingly insignificant. Professor Winchester may have had moods, as

most of us have; if so they were never allowed to interfere with the doing of his work and the fulfilling of his obligations. He valued the emotions highly. Spending so much of his life in dealing with literature, the touchstone of which is its power of appeal to the emotions, he had a nature wide open for the play of feeling. His essays in literary criticism and his interpretations of the great poets will live because they give expression not only to clear intellectual judgments, but also to rich emotional appeal. In his spiritual life also there was very much of "the joy of his Lord." But whether with or without emotion you could always count upon Professor Winchester to do his duty. Perhaps because he had seen so often the merely emotional nature, unsupported by conscience and will, he often seemed to deprecate enthusiasm. To

> . . . run my course with even joy,
> And closely walk with thee to heaven,

was frequently the desire he expressed in Charles Wesley's familiar lines.

It sometimes happened that his judgment disapproved a decision made in some com-

mittee or board to which he belonged. The decision once made, however, the loyalty and generosity of no one could exceed his own.

There were times in these later years when physical condition and personal inclination might have pleaded excuse from this or that obligation; his motto, borrowed from that of his close friend, Professor Westgate, was ever, "Let us attend to the duty of the hour."

Preëminent among his qualities was the charm of his Christian character, the graciousness of his personality. The lines of Wordsworth which he so often quoted,

> That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love,

found fine illustration in himself. He added to genuine friendliness the touch of grace. He not only held the Christian doctrine, he adorned it. He not only displayed the strength of Christian holiness, he revealed the beauty of it.

I know of no argument for immortality outside the Scriptures equal to that of a life like this which has just gone from our sight. A little child playing in the sand may build

his house and tear it down at will. We do not mind, for it is only a child at play. For the Powers-that-be to rear such a structure as this human life has been, with such transcendent gifts, for a comparative moment of time, only to cast it one side as rubbish, is to convict the universe of folly as incredibly stupid as it would be wantonly cruel. It cannot be!

Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

REMARKS

By President Shanklin

Tennyson, beginning the immortal verses that were "In Memoriam" to his best friend, made invocation to the divine Jesus:

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove;
>
> We have but faith: we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see;
> And yet we trust it comes from thee,
> A beam in darkness: let it grow.

So we, in this service, which is a rainbow, whose background has been many tears welling from loving hearts, turn in faith to God, believing where we cannot prove.

Why is it that every one who knew Professor Winchester feels poorer to-day in that which makes the true worth of living—friendship? That his loving and lovable nature drew those who knew him best so close to him that it seems that in his death something was riven from the inmost being

of each of us? The all-containing and all-including quality which drew other lives to his was cultured Christian character, that reserve force which acts directly by presence and without means. Character was the foundation wall on which the graceful superstructure of his life was builded; and, although the visible presence has suddenly faded from view, the character abides, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Emerson says: "This [character] is a natural power, like light and heat, and all nature coöperates with it. The reason why we feel one man's presence, and do not feel another's, is as simple as gravity. Truth is the summit of being; justice is the application of it to affairs. All individual natures stand in a scale, according to the purity of this element in them. The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel. This natural force is no more to be withstood than any other natural force." Having discovered this law, we are able to understand our friend's influence. From his childhood he stood foursquare to every wind that blows, adopting as his the maxim that

questions of right or wrong have neither time nor place nor expediency. This moral capital was in part his inheritance from his forefathers; yet he consecrated this native goodness in the years of his youth by his personal surrender to our Lord Jesus Christ, adding to the instincts of his boyhood the quick and glad response to "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

It was this power of personality that has made Wesleyan's chair of English literature famous for half a century. This is clearly recognized in an editorial in the issue of the New York *Evening Post* of yesterday, which says: "The death of Professor Caleb T. Winchester, professor of English literature at Wesleyan, removes a figure of the ideal type for a college chair. A scholar to his finger tips, he infused life into learning." This power of personality may be difficult to define; but we all recognize it, and when we come into the presence of it we instinctively pay it homage. It was Professor

Winchester's teaching, permeated with Winchester, that made him a prince among scholars. This personal instinct was regnant in everything he said and did. He brought in himself a character that transmitted truth to his students and older friends, and collecting the light that lies above the stars, laid it in clear soft rays upon their daily work and life. Twelve college generations of Wesleyan men and women gathered into his open heart found in him "an image of high principle and feeling," the exemplar of the fine and firm things for which Wesleyan stands. They saw in him a man of great capacity and of uncommon intensity of mind, who awakened in them higher and better aspirations. They felt that he was a man to whom the inner life was a reality, to whom the absolute good was his good, and truth itself the gate of another world. I believe that it will be thought by them one of the greatest blessings of their lives that in youth they came to know one whose force of mind was so inseparably linked with a noble character. A distinguished alumnus of Wesleyan, now rendering notable service in a distant land, in answering a letter where-

in I wrote of Professor Winchester's critical illness, replied: "As I recall all that he means to me, my heart glows with pride. I shall never think of my days at Wesleyan without thinking of him. To me he is that ideal gentleman of letters that New England has given to the world, a gentleman of letters that need ask no favors of any one, anywhere in the wide world. His teaching was fine, the more so because his own fine personality was in his voice and manner as well as in his interpretations. I am sure every student who came into contact with him loved, more than he could otherwise have loved, the good and the great in literature and in life."

His living and learning and working were like the shining of a star. It is no task for stars to shine, and so with him all that he did seemed easy, as if it were but the natural and spontaneous utterance of what he was, the effortless radiance of a nature that was made to gather and to utter light. The personal charm of Professor Winchester in public and in private was something which everybody felt who came into the slightest association with him. It was the charm of

simple truthfulness, of a perfect manliness, and a true sympathy with all forms of healthy human action, which had its real being in his personality itself. He had the genius to be loved, the genius to be trusted, the genius to be listened to—"the blessed triad that must keep company in any life to make it winsome, beautiful, commanding, and Christlike." These all found their basal elements in his personality, and they so interpenetrated each other, so played into each other and were so harmoniously blended, that he everywhere won both love and admiration.

The loss which his death has brought to the great circle of Wesleyan men and women and to Wesleyan itself, it is not possible to describe. It is a change in all our lives. When some men die it is as if you had lost your pocket-knife and were subject to constant inconvenience until you could get another. Other men's going is like the vanishing of a great mountain from the landscape, and the outlook on life is changed forever.

Professor Winchester's life was like a great picture full of glowing color. The canvas on which it was painted was immense.

It lighted all the room in which it was hung. It warmed the chilliest air. It made and it will long make life broader, work easier, and simple strength and courage dearer to every Wesleyan man and woman, and to many others in Middletown and throughout the world.

The heavens will still be bright with stars and Wesleyan men to come will never miss the radiance which they never saw, but for those of us who once watched for his light there will always be a spot of special darkness in the heavens where a star of peculiar beauty went out when he died.

We shall think of him as in the presence of God, who is the fountain of light and in whom the parts of knowledge which we see through a glass darkly are beheld face to face. But there is no tongue of man or of angel in which such things can be expressed. We meditate upon the infinite possibilities of that fuller life and are silent.

MEETING

OF THE

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY CLUB OF NEW YORK

MAY 8, 1920

ADDRESS

By Cornelius Roach Berrien, '96

As a labor of love it should not be difficult to pay to Professor Winchester's memory a tribute of grateful affection, but when we recall all that Professor Winchester was to us, when we remember the exquisite appropriateness with which he was wont to express himself, it is anything but easy to say what we think of him who was such a master of expression and who was so much more than that. Yet, the impressions of him which come so readily to my mind are in the minds of all of us, and we may well seek to give to them such expression as we can.

Everyone who has studied at Wesleyan in the last fifty years is the beneficiary of Professor Winchester's life and work. Those who had the good fortune or the good sense to come most directly in contact with him in the classroom or elsewhere are to be envied, but every Wesleyan alumnus of the period to which I refer deserves to be congratulated on the privilege which was his of even knowing such a man.

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

What vision is it that the memory of Professor Winchester evokes? We see the living picture of a great scholar, the ripe richness of whose learning was blended with a serene simplicity that gave to the dullest of us at least a hint of the charm which can attach to scholarship. He was perhaps extraordinarily fortunate in the selection of the field in which he worked, for he appeared to have in his work the joy which is the reward of the creative artist. Although Professor Winchester had to accomplish a world of routine drudgery, he never seemed to show weariness. It is not hard to imagine how much he would have preferred the preparation of more of those delightful lectures of his to the duty of deciphering the illegible and, I fear, usually stupid manuscripts and examination papers submitted to him by his classes. Only the interest of love and a splendid ideal held steadily in view could have made it possible for him to bring to his pupils and to his public audiences the freshness and zest with which he infused all his surveys of great books, great authors, great literature.

The humane breadth and catholicity of

his taste, which ranged with approval from Chaucer and Shakespeare to Burke and Burns, from Addison and Swift to Browning and Arnold, gave to Professor Winchester's learning that graciousness, so far removed from weakness, of which even our crude youthful intelligence was aware. We were young barbarians at play, resisting the intrusion of new ideas, but even we came under the spell of Professor Winchester's gentle, quiet, scholarly force, and in later years we perceived better the significance of a culture which did not hold itself aloof from mankind, which ennobled the conceptions of life for us all. There has been at Wesleyan scholarship as profound as that of Professor Winchester, scholarship perhaps as broad, but none more gracious or more winning; none that lent to study more allure; none more liberal; none that gave to life more meaning.

In memory also we see Professor Winchester as a great teacher, but I would speak of his teaching as characterized not so much by understanding as by comprehension, a word of more obvious breadth. Only a great teacher could have been so tolerant of the

ignorance which he encountered. He taught by the way of persuasion and not by the way of argument; by definition rather than by declaration; by example far more than by precept. He ignored the base and selected the good. With an extraordinary innate sense of what is best in man, his critical taste developed steadily, but I believe that he was as trustworthy a guide in the teaching of his earlier days as he was in his later life. His taste became more informed and his comprehension grew, but what a graduate of the 'nineties can say of him could also be said by the graduate of the 'seventies or of the present century—that always he inspired a love for great literature.

His methods were remote from the methods of the laboratory, to which indeed they formed an admirable balance, albeit they were the methods of constructive critical analysis. Who is there who sat under him in whose remembrance there do not survive some fragments of the fine passages of prose and poetry which he induced us to memorize because they were criteria of the best in English literature? His methods both imparted information for the erection

of standards of appreciation and trained the mind in processes of thought and judgment.

It was Professor Winchester, I fancy, from whom most of us first learned that to read was to think. We came to college more or less instructed in habits of study when text-books were put before us and when we were led to lectures of which we were supposed to take notes. Reading, however, is probably for the average youthful mind mere reading, an exercise somewhat resembling the vacant contemplation of the pictures thrown on the screen in that triumph of civilized progress, that perverter of taste and enfeebler of intellect, called "the movies." Under Professor Winchester we discovered what it was to read with appreciation because he taught us to get at the content of language. We learned from him what a vehicle our language is for the expression of thought and for the communication of feeling. Imperfectly and according to our inferior abilities, we learned from him none the less that there was no thought which could not be imparted and no emotion which could not be conveyed in fit words fitly chosen.

By the felicitous quality of his own utterances he seemed to make thought easy while teaching, often to our despair, that there could be no close thinking without the right use of the right words in which to express thought. Like every great scholar and great teacher he sought the truth, and he taught that truth cannot be told except by an understanding speaker who is addressing an understanding hearer. He did none of the easy writing which makes hard reading. He never had to talk down to his audiences, whether in the college classroom or the public lecture hall, because he always acquired conscientious mastery of the thought which he wanted to convey, and because he took an artist's care to select the words in which to utter his thought. By his shrewd contrasts of the shades of meaning in spoken and written language he taught how possible it was to think closely; how impossible it was, without regard to verbal shades of meaning, really to think at all. In teaching, by demonstration, how well adapted the English language is for the expression of thought, he taught us also the nobility of our English speech as a medium for the study and

exchange of that truth lying on the borderland of thought which we call emotion.

How much of the charm of his scholarship and the graciousness of his teaching was owing to his ideal of truth as beauty and beauty as truth we cannot say. We know that in his company we frequently caught a gleam of the "fugitive and gracious light," of that spirit "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns." In the end, it was always spiritual truth which he discerned and which he tried to help us descry, which, indeed, he helped us faintly to behold. That gleam, once caught, who of us has altogether lost?

Appealing to memory again, what is our recollection of Professor Winchester as an alumnus of Wesleyan? Let the answer come from his wonderful record of a half-century of devotion which attests his loyalty to the college. Such a representation of loyalty a few others have been. Need I speak of Professor Van Vleck and Professor Rice? Professor Winchester was their contemporary and their peer, the exemplar of a dedication to useful service wholly devoid of self-seeking, which is Wesleyan's proudest achievement. As scholar, as teacher, as

alumnus, as man, we see in Professor Winchester the ideal product of our college. In his own person he was a standard of manhood to which we all may repair in our moments of weakness and discouragement, of humiliation and frustration. How many-sided he was!

He was an exponent of the charm of the academic life, yet his manner ranked him an equal in any company of those who had gained distinction in the world of affairs. He was gracious, without condescension, in the classroom or outside of it. He was distinguished by a humorous urbanity which encompassed the seriousness of life. He had a sweet reasonableness that could only have welled up from deep springs of the spirit. Among his students and with all his associates he bore an air of gentle dignity without stiffness or restraint. He affected no interest which he did not feel, and there was no patronizing tinge in the sympathies which he manifested. The breadth of his comprehension left large room for difference of opinion and in lines of action, but in the scope of his charity there was no room for compromise with principle or for concession

of right. We have often talked among ourselves of the values which inhere in a liberal education, and Caleb Thomas Winchester as scholar, teacher, alumnus, and man was a memorable illustration of the meaning of a course in the humanities. He was a scholar and a gentleman.

Professor Winchester summed up so well in himself and in his career that which is the ideal of Wesleyan; he was so supreme an embodiment of the best that Wesleyan can produce; the lovable nobility, dignity, loyalty, charity, and integrity of his character, and the sweetness and light of his scholarship have been so wrought into the most precious traditions of Wesleyan that, if the time comes when it is decided to change the name of our college, we would do well to reach an agreement on the name of "Winchester," and in the memory of her own son commemorate and exalt forever the ideals for which the college stands.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

SERVICE IN MEMORY

OF

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1920

PROGRAM

HYMN: "O God, our help in ages past." *Watts*

PRAYER: PROFESSOR RICE

PSALTER: Psalm 90.

SCRIPTURE: Isa. 40, 1-12, 29-31.

SOLO: MRS. PAUL BURT

"Come let us join our friends above." *Wesley*

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS: PRESIDENT SHANKLIN

HYMN:

"The Lord our God alone is strong." *Winchester*

MEMORIAL ADDRESS: STOCKTON AXSON, L.H.D.
Professor of English, Rice Institute,
Houston, Texas

HYMN:

"For all the saints, who from their labors rest." *How*

BENEDICTION: PRESIDENT SHANKLIN

PRAYER

By Professor Rice

"Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in thy eternal and everlasting glory."

We praise thee for the life of him who for the past half-century has borne so large a part in the work of this college. We praise thee for the great gifts with which thou didst endow him; for his loving appreciation of the beautiful in life and in literature, for his sanity of thought and sound critical judgment, for the breadth and accuracy of his knowledge, and for his gift of eloquent ex-

pression through the spoken and the written word. We praise thee for the consecration of all his powers to the service of truth and righteousness. We praise thee that in the dawn of manhood he gave himself up to that service which is perfect freedom. We praise thee for his fidelity to all professional duty and to all the obligations of love and friendship; for his loyalty to this college, his mother and ours. We praise thee for the influence which his words of sweetness and light have had on successive classes of students and upon readers of his writings. We praise thee for the memory of a life of high purpose, of patient work, and of noble achievement. We praise thee for the faith which was his and which is ours, that beyond the mystery of death lies the glory of a better life. We praise thee for the risen Lord, and for the Father's house with its many mansions.

We pray that those who were nearest and dearest to him, and who are most sorely bereaved, may find comfort in the faith which he cherished. We pray that all our lives may be made nobler by his words and by his example. We pray that the college which he

loved may never lack great teachers of truth and righteousness. We pray that the whole church militant on earth may gain continual inspiration from the great memory of the ever growing host of saints now triumphant in heaven.

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

By Professor Axson

We are met to commemorate a life, a beautiful life, extensive in influence, unusually complete in accomplishment.

The relatives of Professor Winchester, and we who were privileged to be his friends, and we who are his disciples in the teaching profession,

> We that have loved him so, followed him, honored him,
> Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
> Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,

we, in our hearts, must mourn his death. It would prove us insensible to the endearing human quality of him if we were not saddened by the reflection that we shall hear his voice no more, nor ever again behold him in his simple human kindness and grave and gracious dignity.

But I must think that we shall honor him most fittingly by tempering sorrow with gratitude; by thinking more of what we have

had in his life than of what we have lost through his death; by gratitude, for our own sakes and the world's sake, that he was permitted to live so long, and by gratitude, for his sake, that he was permitted to go before he had long outlived his usefulness, after only a comparatively short interval of illness. He himself wrote that Wordsworth's closing years were "years of the high serenity that should fitly close such a life as his. There was no long period of wasting strength and declining mental power." As he penned the words we may imagine a little prayer in his heart that his own end might be like that.

I think he dreaded superannuation. In a letter to me a few years ago, he expressed, in the words of Doctor Johnson, the wish not to "lag superfluous on the stage." During the last academic year Professor Winchester was in full possession of his powers, in full expression of his usefulness, busily teaching his classes in Wesleyan, renewing his old enthusiasm for Burke and Emerson, saying at the dinner given in his honor last June: "I never felt so strongly as this year the need of more history and political science

to appreciate Burke, or more philosophy to appreciate Emerson."

How unjaded, how splendid that is! For this teacher there was no twilight, no listless "going through the motions" of an old routine, no fading of old ardors, no dwindling echoes of old enthusiasms. He was spared the tribute which men's memories pay to the vigor of the past in contrast with the lapsed energies of the present. At seventy-two he was teaching as I know from experience he taught at forty-two—vividly alive to the many avenues, prospects, and perspectives which radiate from every great literary topic, aware, not in dejection, but in stimulated effort, of "the petty done, the undone vast," spurred on to learn more because there is so much to learn, to teach more because there is so much worth teaching.

His own life and his life's work illustrated a remark which he made at that same commemoration dinner last June, "Nothing keeps the heart young like really great literature." Until his fatal illness he retained that youthfulness which is unrelated to years, whose continually renewing sources are in noble enthusiasms, unfatigued intel-

lectual interests, and consciousness of continuing, unabated usefulness.

Robert Louis Stevenson, speaking of life filled with work and purpose and unwearied enthusiasm, all sustained up to the hour of departure from life's workshop, said:

> When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from his heart. . . . The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

That famous utterance applies to Professor Winchester, who at seventy-three died young. Thankful are we who loved him for that.

Thankful also that, before his departure, he was compelled to sit quietly, all one evening, among his admirers, and listen, while some of them, speaking for all, told him why he was respected and loved: his old comrade of the faculty, Professor Rice; his associate

for nearly thirty years in the English department of Wesleyan, Professor Mead; his fellow-craftsman from the English department of a great sister university, Professor Cross; his old student, Professor Gibbs, who testifies to the value of what he learned from Professor Winchester by practising it in the English departments of other colleges. Profoundly thankful are we that Professor Winchester was spared to serve Wesleyan for fifty years, thankful for all reasons, including this, which he himself might perhaps have called a minor reason, that the fiftieth anniversary created a natural opportunity for men, without offense, to stand up and tell this most modest of men what they thought of him and why they thought it, what they felt for him and why they felt it.

To-day, when we are met, no longer in his presence, to commune with each other in his memory, seems a fitting occasion to attempt, however imperfectly, some estimate of the significance of his life's work, some valuation of his achievements as teacher, public lecturer, critic, and man of letters. My estimate must necessarily be personal, though I hope none the less just, for I was

one of scores of younger teachers whom he directed, one of thousands of Wesleyan students whom he inspired. He has meant much to me personally, still means much, will always mean much until the time arrives for me to follow him. My recollections of him inevitably involve another, for from the outset there was a triple rather than a double association, himself, myself, and President Wilson.

It was from President Wilson that I first heard Professor Winchester's name. I was an undergraduate in the University of Georgia; Dr. Wilson was in the first year of his membership in the Wesleyan faculty, with a high regard for the teaching profession, in general, and for the Wesleyan faculty, in particular; in the subsequent changing years he frequently remarked that there was less "dead wood" in the Wesleyan faculty than in any other faculty he had known. He wrote me a letter saying that he had an inkling that I could be made into a serviceable teacher of English, and suggested that I come to Wesleyan and study under "the foremost teacher of English literature in America."

After a year's residence and graduation from Wesleyan I went to Johns Hopkins University—it was 1890, the year Dr. Wilson transferred his services to the Princeton faculty. He sent me to President Gilman with a letter of introduction, in which he stated that I was entering Hopkins for graduate study of English, after a year of study with—substantially repeating his former phrase—"the foremost teacher of English literature in America."

The following spring, 1891, President Gilman invited Professor Winchester to deliver a series of lectures at Johns Hopkins, afterward telling Mr. Wilson that the phrase in the letter of introduction had prompted the invitation, saying he thought Johns Hopkins University was entitled to hear from "the foremost teacher of English literature in America," and adding that Professor Winchester had justified Dr. Wilson's estimate.

Professor Winchester's Hopkins lectures were a brilliant academic and popular success. They followed a series of lectures by a distinguished American poet of that day, whose coming had been widely heralded.

Professor Winchester slipped among us with but slight preliminary announcement. It is with no motive of invidious comparison, but to elucidate a significant point about Professor Winchester, that I recall the circumstance that the famous poet's audiences began large and ended small, and Professor Winchester's audiences began small and ended large.

This is no reflection on the poet-critic, whose personality was delightful, and who had many important things to tell us, but who was not a professional lecturer and probably had never surmised that public lecturing is a profession in itself—is an art, and a delicate art. The poet-critic knew much about a number of arts, but nothing whatever about the particular art he was undertaking to practise before us, the art of public lecturing. The result was inevitable: the general public flocked to the opening lecture, satisfied their curiosity to see the famous man, and did not return. The audiences steadily diminished until at the end they were made up chiefly of those of us who were professionally interested, who realized that the lecturer was expounding some

important æsthetic doctrines, and who needed no other lure to hold us. Professor Winchester, with an equal amount of solid information, began with small professionally interested audiences, but the fame of him got abroad and the general public came each day in increasing numbers, until at the end of the course there was not even standing room in the lecture chamber.

I do not need to tell this company that Professor Winchester resorted to none of the tricks by which some popular lecturers attract the crowd. The very artist that was in him, that made the lectures so excellent, would have abhorred mountebankish tricks as Hamlet's imagination abhorred the jester's fleshless skull. The secret of his power was this: that he interpreted the great art of literature by methods themselves artistic, that he understood that he could not engage the emotional sympathy of an audience by merely telling them that literature is beautiful and worthy of their sympathies, but only by showing them the beauty, that he understood that if he was going to give himself the trouble of lecturing, he must give himself the additional trouble of mastering

the arts of the lecturer: the art of fascinating literary composition, the art of sympathetic, impressive delivery.

His voice is hushed now, and we can never again be reminded, except in memory, of the charm of his delivery: the low expressive tones, the manner so quiet, yet so compelling. His sympathetic rendering of illustrative passages of poetry was better than all the conspicuous art of the professional elocutionists. Indeed, Professor Winchester's art of reading was, perhaps unconsciously, the art of the great actor, who recreates in his own mind the thought of his poet, rekindles in his own breast the poet's emotion, and therefore utters the poet's lines as if they expressed his own spontaneous thought and present emotion.

As all of you remember, Professor Winchester's platform manner was very quiet. He read verbatim from the cleanly written manuscript (his penmanship was clear and controlled, like his character; neat, like his habits, mental and personal). I never knew a speaker who could at one and the same time read so closely and give his audiences such intimate impression that he was *talking*

directly to them. He lectured for us in Princeton on Matthew Arnold, and one of his delighted auditors, a member of our English department, told me he had not known that Professor Winchester had used a manuscript until some one subsequently mentioned the fact. It is a fine art to utter the written word as if it were being thought for the first time while the lecturer stands before his audience.

I am under the impression that Emerson employed this method—Emerson, some of whose books were, like some of Professor Winchester's books, printed lectures. The advantage of the method for the truly literary lecturer, the man of letters on the platform, is obvious. Nobody can create pure literature extemporaneously, and yet Professor Winchester, like Emerson, evidently believed that a lecture on literature should itself be literature. So in his study he carefully wrote down all the words on the page, and then stepped on the platform and read them as if they had never been written at all. This combination of literary finish and spontaneity makes the perfect literary lecture.

Professor Winchester had the judgment

and tact not to "talk down" to his audiences. Talk "over them" he must not, talk "down to them" he would not. He had that faith in his public without which no one can be a great lecturer, or a great preacher, or a really great political orator. Professor Winchester evidently believed that the public could take his best provided he should take the trouble to present it attractively and convincingly.

At the commemoration dinner, Professor Rice explained interestingly why literary lectures of the Winchester type appeal to men of science more than do philological disquisitions. Professor Rice said that men, "trained to minute accuracy of observation and cautious induction," occasionally attend a literary lecture for "recreation or inspiration"; he added that Professor Winchester's lectures gave them what they sought, and furthermore added that what always most impressed him in those lectures was "the harmonious union of delicacy of sentiment and strong common sense."

I fancy that the type described by Professor Rice, a type which he himself has so long represented with so much distinction,

demands of the literary lecturer sound mental processes and valid conclusions from his data, even though the data are non-scientific. And I venture to think that Professor Rice would say that Professor Winchester met these requirements. For instance, the premises of the *Principles of Literary Criticism* are, in their nature, insusceptible of proof, but the reasoning from them is close, and the conclusions are consistent, and cautiously stated. I suspect that the man of science would be impatient with a critic of the type of Swinburne, who throws the reins on the neck of imagination and stampedes reason, whose adjectives are nearly all superlatives, whose self-contradictions are both bland and violent, of whose discretion we are reminded merely by the fact that it is never present.

Professor Winchester's mind was closely analytical. He abhorred emotionalism, shrank from sentimentalism with an Emersonian fastidiousness. He and Emerson were fine examples of the poised New England character, with capacity for deepest feeling, and aversion to demonstration. In the essay on Leigh Hunt, Professor Win-

chester wrote, "The truth is, sentimentalism is always vulgar"; in the *Principles of Literary Criticism,* he wrote, "The sentimentalist, the æsthete, the fanatic, are proverbially deformed types of character"; and at the commemoration dinner he said, "No really good literature, I think, was ever born of merely æsthetic impulse." These are expressions of a fixed conviction.

On the other hand, no man had a sounder understanding of the barrenness of mere intelligence in the realm of things human, or a clearer perception of the limitations of mere logic in the realm of things eternal. In his *Life of John Wesley* he criticizes Wesley for sometimes seeming to forget "that on most matters of importance our conclusions are not the result of a single line of argument, but the resultant of many lines; nay, in many cases, cannot be decided exclusively by argument, but rather by sentiment or instinct." In the *Principles of Literary Criticism* he discusses, in full value, "the intellectual element in literature," but concludes that "the essential element in literature is the power to appeal to the emotions." He always gave the impression of strength

in reserve, because of his strong feeling under firm control. Intellect and emotion, reason and imagination were poised in him; there was an harmonious proportion of qualities, remindful of the Greek character, suggesting something out of Plutarch.

Because he could think straight while feeling deeply, he was able to appreciate truly and interpret soundly. Balanced by nature, trained by education, he conferred great benefits on cultural education in America by teaching younger people to think while feeling, and feel while thinking; to avoid, on the one side, the miry marshes of mere æstheticism, on the other side, the hard rocks of cold intellectualism.

Fortunate was it for English literary education in America that the pioneers and pathfinders were men who, like Professor Winchester, had been soundly trained by systematic educational methods. At the commemoration dinner, Dean Cross named four of these pioneers, and, on reflection, his list seems complete: "Child of Harvard, Lounsbury and Beers of Yale, and Winchester of Wesleyan"—a goodly company. Prior to these, poets like Longfellow and

Lowell had tremendously stimulated literary taste in the classroom, but with them the teaching profession was secondary, not primary. Rhetoricians of the old school had applied the formal principles of Quintilian to selected passages of English literature, but had not systematized literary study. It was the small group named by Dean Cross who gave the historical and critical study of English literature its recognized position in the college curriculum.

Like the others, Professor Winchester had to make his own methods, which he did by applying to new material a mind well trained in old material—in the classics, Hebrew, logic, and philosophy. He was a scholar, in the old ripe sense of the term. He wore his scholarship so easily, so modestly, that the depth and range of his learning might readily be undiscerned by immature and superficial people who associate "scholarship" with technicalities and jargon and things difficult and unimportant. To the point is the old anecdote of Dr. Chalmers and the untutored man who stopped him in the street, and asked, "Are you the great Dr. Chalmers?" "I am Dr. Chalmers," was the

modest reply. "Aye!" said the stranger, "I don't think you are great either, for I heard you preach last Sunday, and I understood everything you said." In true greatness there is always simplicity, even in truly great scholarship.

The primary aim of Professor Winchester's teaching was cultural. Nowadays, English departments sometimes propose what are called "practical" aims, not explicitly recognized by him, more technical studies of literature combined with practice for those who aspire to make literature—not the old "composition courses" but literary practice by a sort of "case system." Professor Winchester would give private assistance to volunteer aspirants, but the aim of his classroom was interpretation of the authors of the past rather than creation of authors for the future; I fancy he considered the latter a by-product of the former—the results "on the knees of the gods."

He was a teacher born and trained, "nascitur *et* fit," as Tennyson used to say of the poet. Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature* was a text-book when I was in Wesleyan. When I say that Profes-

sor Winchester made that meager manual interesting to undergraduates, I say much—how much, I know from experience, from trying to use it with my own classes with results just short of riot. He was a class disciplinarian—not in deportment, which was never necessary; his mere presence brought respectful order—but he practised intellectual discipline by the good old "quiz" method. He asked definite questions, and required definite answers.

I recall one youth who had gleaned vague notions about William Langland from a passage in Stopford Brooke, which imaged Langland grimly striding through the London Strand mentally rebuking folly; about all that stuck in the student's mind was Strand, and that "with a difference." He stammered some futilities about Langland walking on the "shore." Quietly, more memorably than by sarcasm (which he never employed), Professor Winchester said, "Never mind the shore; tell us what you know of Langland, if anything."

It was after we had finished floundering that we got the joy of the exercise, when he began his own exegesis of the text, clothing

its dry bones with flesh, and breathing life into it; or when he turned to the actual works of the authors and illuminated them by analysis, comment, appraisement, and sympathetic reading.

Even in my callow youth I admired the ease and clarity with which he would relate literature to history, an author to the political and social forces of his time. In the *Principles of Literary Criticism* he says, "literature is one side of history," and, in reversal, he used to show us, the undergraduates, that history is one side of literature, a new thought to most of us, who began to learn from our study of Carlyle more about the true nature of the democratic reform era in England than we had learned from formal history.

What Professor Winchester said, in retrospect, at the commemoration dinner, reflected a conviction and a practice of many decades:

> If you want to understand the growth of thought and accompanying changes of feeling on matters of scientific, religious, political, and social importance, say, in England from 1840 to 1880, you must read Tennyson, Browning, Arnold,

Carlyle. You will find there the best record of the inner life of the period.

In the class room he used the historical method illuminatingly, and at the same time warned us of its perils when pushed too far, as by Taine and the German "zeitgeistists," if I may use the term. I find in the essay on Hazlitt a characteristic passage on the advantages and limitations of the historical method, its uses and abuses.

This balanced teaching was, what all teaching must be, an index to the mind and character of the teacher, the measure of Professor Winchester's sanity, of what Professor Rice calls his "strong common sense." His mind was simultaneously judicial and sympathetic—an unusual combination. His tastes were catholic, the range of his sympathies wide. He never told us who was his "favorite author." I guessed Wordsworth, but another old pupil, writing in *Zion's Herald,* guesses Burns (of course, Shakespeare is nobody's favorite because everybody's). Probably he had no favorite—there was so much of interest in so many. His essay on Leigh Hunt sheds direct light on Hunt, and

reflected light on Winchester: an essentially purposeful, ethical, religious man doing justice to and showing sympathy with an essential dilettante.

His mind was a translucent medium for the undistorted interpretation of his author. Sometimes critics seem unconsciously to assume God's mystery and recreate all things in the image of their own minds. Even great Goethe does not escape the charge: his famous analysis of Hamlet is interesting, but it is certainly not Shakespeare's Hamlet of whom he is talking. The author that passed through Professor Winchester's mind came out illumined, not transformed. Wide sympathies led him to understand many; an obligation to truth led him to do strict justice to all. It was not mere kindliness which induced him to recount the merits of an author whose weaknesses he had been mercilessly exposing. It was something more virile, respect for truth, a trait as pronounced in him as in the man of science at work in his laboratory.

It is a tribute to the teaching genius of Professor Winchester that so quiet and judicial a man, so averse to asseveration, and

with none of the habits of the propagandist, could kindle in his pupils such flaming enthusiasm for literature and special authors. A practical illustration was the book-buying habits of undergraduates of my day (of course, I cannot speak of later times). Though few were wealthy, most seemed to feel they must own, often at a sacrifice, the works of the masters whom Professor Winchester had taught them to love. I have never known undergraduates who purchased so many English classics. A whimsical illustration is an incident of my undergraduate days, dear to the memory of President Wilson, who has frequently referred to it as a militant example of effective teaching. A lad who had met Shelley in Professor Winchester's classroom and become impassioned, one day debated with a scoffer, another undergraduate who could see nothing in Shelley, debated as long as a limited vocabulary permitted, and then fell upon the antagonist and gave him a furious beating in the sacred name of Shelley.

In my one undergraduate year at Wesleyan I was permitted to take the two English courses then given, the junior historical

course and the senior elective or seminary. Subsequently I returned for an additional year of graduate study. Professor Mead, who had joined the faculty in the interim, taught me to read and love Beowulf, and I was again admitted to Professor Winchester's seminary. Thus, it was my privilege to study intensively under him the so-called Revolutionary group (the Wordsworth-Byron group), and the Victorian group, including Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning.

I should say the best of Professor Winchester was in this seminary, the cream, the fine essence of his interpretation, appreciation, and criticism. We met, a dozen of us, in his study[1] in Old North (he generously put at our disposal his private library)—and there, in informal conference, he brought us as close to philosophy as he had brought us

[1] Until 1904, room 56 North College was his study and seminary room and contained his working library. After 1904 he used 21 Fisk Hall as his study, and the adjoining room, 23, as his seminary room, and his library was placed in these two rooms, accessible to his advanced students. Both in North College and in Fisk Hall, the rooms commanded a beautiful eastern prospect. By his will the library of about five thousand volumes has become the property of the University and remains in its accustomed location to be used by new generations of Wesleyan students.

to history in the other course. Through the labyrinths of the author's mind and method, he led us to the inmost heart of the author's philosophical implications.

He seldom moralized. With him, religion and morality were an enveloping atmosphere, which rendered dogma superfluous. That was well for literature, which usually suffers grievous hurt when taught didactically. Surely, it was also well for the cause of morality: surely, if we believe in morality with his abundant faith, we should have his abundant confidence in its power to vindicate itself when simple truth is presented. For instance, he did not draw deliberate morals from the career of Robert Burns, his instability and incontinence—he did not need to. Burns was presented to us without admonition, sympathetically but truthfully, in his poetic inspiration, human kindness, infectious humor, and also in his frailty and his wreckage. The sum total was more tragically impressive than any moralizing could have been.

This, in my judgment, was the supremely great, the greatest trait of Professor Winchester as a teacher—his undogmatic yet

solemnizing interpretation of life through the medium of literature. He could not have done this so convincingly had he not been essentially a moralist, and he could not have done it so delicately had he not been essentially an artist. It is easier to preach morality than to reveal it; easier, and more obvious, to extol virtue and damn vice than with the cunning of deep wisdom to lead people to see for themselves the beauty and the bravery of the one, the ugliness and folly of the other, through a faithful revelation of life's own values, which, in reality, are determined by God's own laws. I recall no instance of Professor Winchester's lecturing us on our personal conduct, but the effect of his teaching in its totality, reinforced, of course, by his own lofty character, was to make us solemnly aware of our inescapable obligations to conduct.

All this means spiritual discernment, the divine tact, which is the gift of only the spiritually minded. It was the same gift which made him a powerful interpreter of the spirit of literature—for, indeed, in his conception, the spirit of literature and the spirit of life are one and the same.

I recall an almost mystical incident of the seminary period in his study in Old North—of a day when he was elucidating Wordsworth's transcendentalism. He sat with his head resting on his hand, talking in low monotone, as one muses—I think he had practically forgotten that we were there. Gradually a change came over his face—you might think it but my individual fancy were I not able to report that at least one other observed it and spoke of it in awed, excited whisper. I think several noted it, but vividly recall the one and his excitement. Professor Winchester had become strikingly, almost awesomely the visual image of Wordsworth himself. If you will study the Haydon portrait of Wordsworth, you will observe a general resemblance in the contour of the head and in the features; but that morning there was more, much more: it was as if the spirit of Wordsworth had passed into his face while he sat in rapt communion with the thrice-spiritualized essence of the Wordsworthian poetry.

Judicial, intellectual, insistent on thoroughness, accuracy, clarity, all that Professor Winchester was; but, above all, he strove

to impart to his pupils the spirit of literature. He taught them to love literature while teaching them to know it.

Professor Winchester, like Matthew Arnold and other nineteenth century elders, took a serious view of literature, both as an art and as a civilizing agency. It was probably in his commemoration dinner address that he made his last definition of literature, terming it "the best thought that has been touched and vitalized with emotion and uttered in a manner of lasting charm," and adding, "Thus defined, literature is obviously the best interpreter of life—the life of the individual man and the life of historical periods."

It was his life's business to insinuate into the minds of the youth and the public with whom he came in contact respect and love for this thing which he deemed so important, performing his task faithfully as one who recognizes service to God in his life's work, and at the same time performing it delicately, not dogmatically, but by interpretation and appreciation. He avoided the metallic method of Francis Jeffrey, who, in the words of Winchester, "does not aim to give

you an appreciation of the book, but an *estimate* of it." He avoided the literary dogmatism of Jeffrey, who, he wrote, "is always cocksure," adding, perhaps with a smile, "which is pleasing in a critic." He himself was too reverent of truth and withal too modest to be "cocksure," and frequently employed phrases of reservation, such as, "I take it," "I should say," "one thinks," "it seems to me."

In two sayings, one on Hunt, one on Hazlitt, we find his conception of the critic's office and the *sine qua non* of his equipment: Hunt "had the first qualification of the critic, he was a lover of books," and "Hazlitt has in a remarkable degree the gift to enjoy for himself what is best in literature, and the gift to convey that enjoyment to his reader—which I take it is the chief function of criticism." His own book, *A Group of English Essayists,* is a most happy realization of that ideal.

We are grateful that he published a few books, regretful that he did not publish more. *The Life of John Wesley* proves that he could challenge the professional biographers on their own ground. *William Words-*

worth: How to Know Him is probably the best existent guide to understanding and appreciation of the poet. *Some Principles of Literary Criticism* is a sound discussion of formal literary principles. But the most delightful of his books, that in which we get most of himself, is *A Group of English Essayists of the Early Nineteenth Century.* He who would know how Professor Winchester lectured may find the answer in these essays, which are probably but slightly revised lectures, for his lectures, like Emerson's, were literary essays.

In one of the essays, the first in the volume, he defines the modern essay as "extended discussion of some one theme, popular in manner yet accurate in statement, and admitting high literary finish." While writing about famous makers of this type of literary art, he proves himself their peer. Here, in these half-dozen essays, are the qualities which made his lectures nothing less than wonderful: the scope and the structured ease, the vivid portrayal of his author's personality through an exposition of the facts of his life, the elements of his character, the thoughts of his brain, the emotions

of his heart, and the qualities of his art, all fused into a whole. Read, for example, the essay on Hazlitt, and consider the scope, the movement, the unity of it. It opens with an anecdote, something concrete, to catch the reader's (or hearer's) attention, yet entirely pertinent to what follows—a passage from Hazlitt's own writings, telling how he first met Coleridge; then a brief account of the influence of Coleridge on Hazlitt; then a question as to why Hazlitt felt himself so much indebted to Coleridge; then follows logically a story of inherent radicalism in the Hazlitt family, of ancestral residence in America and sympathies with the American struggle for independence, of return to Europe and sympathy with French Revolutionism, of the relationship of Napoleonism to revolutionism and the later reactions, of the fascination which Napoleon had for William Hazlitt. Here the writer pauses to remind us that it was natural for Hazlitt, under such influences, public and private, to be attracted by the early liberalism of Coleridge; we have swept back to the starting point, but with our minds informed, and with the foundations laid for all that follows.

When we have finished the essay we realize that the writer has accomplished the thaumaturgy of presenting a body of ideas through a personality. He has talked about history, philosophy, principles of criticism, but all the while Hazlitt himself has held the center of the stage. The facts of his life and the influences of his environment, and his thoughts and his practiced art, have all been fused in a unit, and that unit is a portrait. That is literary art of a very high order.

In the *Principles of Literary Criticism* Professor Winchester wrote, "The charm of all literature resides largely in the personality of the author." His own lecture-essays illustrated that saying vividly and with dignity. He dealt with his subjects most personally, but avoided the tone of gossip which he disliked in De Quincey. Forced by the conditions to speak of unpleasant things, the unhappy marital experiences of Hazlitt and of John Wesley, he introduced the topic in each instance with a phrase that warns the reader that he has no personal relish for such matters, and will hasten over them as quickly as possible—which he does. He

conceived "personality" in large terms, as incorporating what a man thought and wrote as well as what he was and did. Seldom did Professor Winchester write first about an author's "life" and then about his "works," the old formal analysis, but merged the two in one—a portrait. He had an extraordinary power of analysis by negatives, of explaining what a man was by explaining what he was not. There are whole paragraphs in the *Life of John Wesley* which tell what Wesley was not, but out of it all comes a clear and definite idea of what Wesley was —a portrait.

This power of portraiture was the crowning explanation of Professor Winchester's ability to fascinate miscellaneous audiences. After hearing him lecture on Hazlitt or Wordsworth or Browning, people left the hall with the impression that they had spent an hour with Hazlitt or Wordsworth or Browning. In reality, they had learned much more about each than they would have learned from an hour's talk with either. Imagine ourselves spending an hour with each of these immortals: Browning would refer questions concerning his poetry to the

Browning Society, would talk freely, but not about the things we most wished to hear about; Wordsworth would talk about his poetry, but so prosaically as to make us wonder why we had ever cared for his poetry; Hazlitt probably would not talk at all.

Combined with these larger architectural qualities, was that elusive, but very real thing, which is called literary style, a style that was easy, fluent, limpid, lucid. Like William Dean Howells, whose departure we are also lamenting now, Professor Winchester mastered a style which he never permitted to master him—the skillful phrase, the epigram, the simile, the metaphor, the humorous turn—they were all there for *service,* not for *display.*

He was as lucid as Matthew Arnold, or "Mr. Arnold," as Professor Winchester usually called him, with a touch of old-time courtesy. I am bold to say that Professor Winchester's devices for lucidity were superior to Arnold's. Arnold would reiterate the identical phrase until repetition became a mannerism, suggesting affectation, as if Arnold were saying, "Behold how lucid I am!" Professor Winchester's method was

subtler, the thought repeated and reinforced by a variant phrase. To illustrate with one of many examples: he is talking of De Quincey's discursiveness; he says: "He [De Quincey] must pull his thought up by the roots, and then trace out with laborious precision all its minute filaments, and its ramifications into a network of other thought." Having completed that sentence, Professor Winchester adds, "Everything reminds him of something else." That is admirable: the clarification is not by mere repetition, but by making the long and short sentences mutually support each other. The short sentence by itself would be too indefinite, too much mere epigram, cryptic, elusive. The long sentence by itself is clear, but, if I may use the expression, it lacks "punch." The "punch" of the appended epigram enforces the thought, and makes it stick in the reader's (or hearer's) mind.

Professor Winchester was singularly without literary mannerisms. Of course, every writer has some pet words—"unctuous," "factitious," "stodgy" were characteristic words of Professor Winchester's, which I used to hear in the classroom and now find

in the printed books, but, in general, his style was without self-consciousness. Indeed, it is so without display that, if we are heedless, we shall overlook its excellences: its rhythm (he himself said that " the crowning grace of prose is a good rhythm"), the aptness of his imagery, and his epigrams. Self-conscious writers put their epigrams on exhibition, as shopkeepers set their smartest wares in the show window, but Professor Winchester employed them only when they were serviceable—and they were ready-to-hand when he needed them.

How pithy and pertinent are his epigrams! For instance, this: "If a man has resolved never to change his mind, it doesn't much matter what he thinks"; or, Hazlitt "had the peculiarly happy fortune of vanquishing his antagonist and losing his cause; and thus enjoyed at once the pride of victory and the pride of martyrdom." The point of Professor Winchester's epigrams is that they probe human nature. All the learning in the world, all the reading of a lifetime cannot make a man of letters of him who is ignorant of human nature. Literature in its larger meaning is simply an

illustration of life. To know human nature searchingly and yet sympathetically is part of the equipment of the man of letters, and Professor Winchester was fully armed.

He thought easily and naturally in imagery. In simple but telling metaphor he explains why the essays of John Wilson ("Christopher North"), once so popular, are now so hard to read: "The effervescent humor has lost its bubble now, and tastes a little flat on the palate." There is a really superb simile in the essay on Charles Lamb, which relates how loquacious guests would gather in Lamb's rooms on his "Wednesday evenings," and how "on some rare and famed occasion, the heavy form of Coleridge himself comes toiling uncertainly up the stair, and his great forehead, like the dome of Paul's in the babble of London, throws a high dignity over the company."

With this lambent phraseology Professor Winchester combined a humor of the type we call "Yankee," droll, sometimes as sly as Chaucer's, who, though no Yankee, anticipated some Yankee traits of speech (many of the good things which we call new are really very old). When Professor Win-

chester wrote that "Hazlitt was never ambitious of mere smartness," he said something applicable to himself. He used his humor, as he used his imagery, to interpret his subject. But I have heard audiences cooing with low sympathetic laughter as Professor Winchester unostentatiously pointed truth with wit. Wit, metaphor, and epigram are triple feathers to wing a dart of truth in his saying that Hazlitt "took care that his best friendships should not grow stagnant by long standing." Gentle but telling is his rebuke of George Saintsbury's rash superlatives in the quiet remark: "Mr. Saintsbury pronounces Wilson's descriptions of scenery better than anything of the kind in English prose; but I think he must have forgotten a good deal to say that." Sometimes the drollery is sly and will escape us unless we are alert: for instance, he speaks of Leigh Hunt's notorious laxity in money matters, in the early part of the essay on Hunt; later he is speaking of Hunt's sentimental antipathy to the stern Jehovah of the Old Testament, and concludes with, "To punishment he was mildly but firmly opposed; it was a form of payment."

He had an American habit of clinching a point with a quotation from a typical, mythical, or "traditional" Irishman. Often in class have we first laughed at that Irishman's remark, and a moment later admired the clever application of it to the matter under discussion. Sometimes I half suspected an innocent invention, the creation of the Irishman for the occasion, if anecdotage and Professor Winchester's memory failed to supply the remark needed for the particular point. Whether invention or quotation, it was always most apt—as in the essay on John Wilson where he is commenting on Wilson's boisterous, over-emphatic, unshaded literary manner, and says, "Wilson writes as the traditional Irishman played the violin, 'by main strength.' "

So human a man as Professor Winchester partakes of life in many capacities. Important phases of his career I have not touched: the faculty committeeman, the churchman, the citizen, the personal friend, the husband and father. I have talked of him only as teacher, lecturer, critic, and man of letters —the leading terms of a comprehensive profession to which he gave half a century and

his strength. He was aware of the wide and busy world, for the windows of his mind opened outward. But the stir of the world's activity could not lure him from the quiet ways of teaching and literature; here was his life's business, and here he found his satisfaction.

And "here" also means Wesleyan. It is common knowledge that other universities made repeated efforts to tempt him away, but here he elected to remain. Wesleyan's is an honorable history. No college is more secure in its position, more assured of the respect of the informed. Wesleyan has a tradition and an ideal, both founded in a purpose, clear, defined, sustained. Her past is a benediction, her future an inspiration. Wesleyan has had able servitors to translate her ideals into accomplishment. Great men have investigated nature in these laboratories and taught within these ivied walls. Though their labors were apart from the world's busy marts, the world has felt their influence, for they assisted in pushing a little further back the clouds of ignorance and in kindling the flame of knowledge to enlighten the world's path to progress. Many and

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

WESLEYAN FACULTY, 1915

pressing are the modern problems of education, but the chief problem, now as formerly, is to educate. Wesleyan has always been faithful to the initial duty. Her sons have gone forth educated. Some of these teachers are still here, others have gone to labor in other fields, yet others have ceased from earthly toil. Conspicuous among these men of learning and of light was Professor Winchester. Now he has left us to take his place among the immortals who have left the world better for having lived in it.

We who remain shall miss him sorely; but we reverently and fervently thank God for having lent him to the world for a lifetime; and over his earthly mound we murmur familiar words from a play of Shakespeare's that was dear to him:

> Quiet consummation have;
> And renowned be thy grave.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES
FOR
PROFESSOR WINCHESTER
AT
WILBRAHAM ACADEMY
APRIL 11, 1920

MEMORIES OF PROFESSOR WINCHESTER AT SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

By Rev. Alfred Noon[1]

More than a half century ago the class which, in the later enumeration of the school, was known as that of 1865, looked askance at one another in Wilbraham. Had it not been for the fact that half the members were ladies, it would have been possible to form a rather conspicuous awkward squad.

Those were stirring times and they had their effect upon all the students. A considerable number of the class as graduated entered in 1863, in a very dark period of the Civil War. Thrilling news came often, disturbing the calmness of the cloistered populace of the school. In the midst of such days Caleb Winchester arrived in Wilbraham. He did not make much impression at first. He was shy, towheaded, slight of build, and a tremendous fellow to dig. His life in an

[1] His classmate in Wilbraham Academy and in Wesleyan University.

itinerant's home had taught him to be frugal and dependable.

After a few recitations, the classes and the professors began to take notice, and continued to do so until the bells at Middletown tolled his requiem. It is doubtful if he ever said "not prepared" at Wilbraham, and probably he never "smashed," as we called a total failure in college.

There was one peculiarity about Caleb—or, as we soon christened him, "Winch"—he really acted as if he liked Latin. Even the Latin prose so far appealed to him that he would make a fluent and accurate recitation. He also admired and diligently studied the Greek, marching cheerful "parasangs" along its pathways.

But what appealed most to "Winch," even then, was literature. The really good library at the Academy, then up on the hill, afforded him many an hour of valuable study. It was probably then that he formed his taste for belles-lettres and laid the foundation for a brilliant career.

There was much at the Wilbraham of the 'sixties which appealed to a student of taste. The fields were never greener than then, the

gurgle of the modest Rubicon on the campus was veritable music, the trees of the mountain and walks about the Dell and elsewhere were inspiring. Hymettus had a rival in Mount Marcy, nor did the amaranth and the lotus for a moment outvie the pond lilies and the laurels of Wilbraham. In such scenes, among autumn breezes and winter storms and springtime zephyrs, the very deities of letters seemed to kiss his brow and train his pen.

Even we who were members of the class look back with great respect upon the budding geniuses we were sure had come to grace and honor old Wilbraham. That was quite a program we put out June 28, 1865. "Winch" had the salutatory, and we were all glad when he set the ball rolling by a dissertation, given in the English pronunciation, on "Nostrae Expectationes." The topics, as a whole, covered all the realms of thought and activity. There were twenty-four orations and essays—a full entertainment, certainly. Three of the men became college presidents, and Winchester won greater fame as a professor than came to any of the three; two became lawyers; one still dis-

penses pills; six became clergymen; and one of the women became a prodigy in higher science, and one the wife of the beloved professor "Ben" Gill, and is to be credited with many of the qualities which brought him such success. Such, with hosts of other students —for we were nearly four hundred in all— were Winchester's associates and friends.

Nor should the occasion pass without reference to the faculty. In our first year we had the peerless Dr. Miner Raymond, one of the best of Methodism's gifts to the guild of teachers and educational managers. His keen eye, his lucid style, his quick wit, and his abounding sympathy are not forgotten in the flight of years. Then we had Chester, exact and animated, and Kimpton, polished and appealing, and Lorenzo White, a little angular in appearance but as upright as a forest giant.

While Winchester did not particularly cultivate the social life, he was always a quiet favorite. His playful translation of the Greek form of his given name, revealed the surname of one of the leading ladies of the class. He was quite at home in the "interview" and knew where to go on the May

walk and the chestnut walk. He was very useful in the literary society and eagerly embraced its opportunities.

It is very pleasant to recall his religious life, which, however, developed much in the college days. He was especially fond of the fine hymns of the church, and would fairly be in ecstasy when "There is a land of pure delight" was sung to the lively tune of "Varina." Chapel did not seem to him to be irksome, and the college prayer meetings of the old class of 1869 often found him present and active.

There are few examples more conspicuous or more to be remembered of the cultured Christian gentleman than that of Professor Winchester. How great a boon to the age was his half-century of service in the professor's chair at Middletown! Yet the formative period was back in the war-wrecked 'sixties, when old Wilbraham put him in training for his life work.

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER: A MODEL SON OF WILBRAHAM

AN APPRECIATION

By Professor Karl P. Harrington

While it is impossible in the few moments at our command here to do justice to the memory of such a gentleman, scholar, critic, educator, friend, and Christian as was our beloved Professor Winchester, it is nevertheless eminently appropriate to spend even the short time available in briefly reviewing his life and work as a Wilbraham student of the older days, as an exemplar of the Wilbraham ideal in scholarship, in character, and in Christian service, and as protagonist of the new Wilbraham. For his life and character have a vital interest for the present generation of Wilbraham students, upon whom rests the burden of realizing in the school of to-day the ideal of our foremost Wilbrahamite.

Professor Winchester's loving devotion to this old school amounted to a ruling passion.

To it as the scene of his youthful affections, inspirations, and newly awakened scholarly ambition, his heart ever reverted fondly. The friendships begun here were for life, and among his most precious treasures. Dear old Ben Gill and George Reed and various others too numerous to name were his life-long cronies; and he never ceased to praise the hills and woods and waters and nooks where in his young manhood with these kindred spirits he had roved at will and dreamed of the future. It was with fairly boyish delight that with a little group of classmates he celebrated his fiftieth anniversary reunion by wandering up and down these same hillsides and loitering in the Dell, and making the welkin ring with the old songs of a half-century ago.

Here, too, it was that those scholarly ideals were firmly established which formed the basis of his inimitable success in the field of literature. To haunt a library; to love the beautiful in literature as well as everywhere else; to cultivate breadth of view; to know his authors as persons whose genius and character became so familiar that they seemed like his friends and companions; to

hate shams and love the expression that rings true; to associate with a book till he could see through it and its author, analyze them, and sum up the essence of a work of genius in a few words; to give vent to his rich gift of humor; to practise graceful and elegant reading and speech; to love the intellectual life and not to be afraid of hard thinking—of these characteristics of his eminent scholarship he laid here the foundation, not the least of the important influences that produced these results coming to him through his membership in the venerable literary and debating society of his choice.

And here was fostered and developed that genuine Christianity which this old school has always aimed to teach and exemplify, and which thousands of old Wilbraham students look back upon as the best gift of the historic academy. A simple faith, a gentle and consistent life, a love of mankind, and a devotion of every day to God's service were his traits. He knew no distinction between "sacred" and "secular," but to him the daily task, however humble—in fact, all worthy work—was God's work.

These were the principles upon which

was built so broad and successful and useful a life. And when, after the lapse of years, in the midst of changing educational policies, the old school had reached a critical point where a new form and a more modern type of life were essential, it was Professor Winchester who consistently and triumphantly advocated and planned for the new school with a vision that often anticipated that of many of his colleagues on the board of trustees. For years he dreamed of the reorganization that is now an accomplished fact. His vision is amply justified under the present able administration of the school, and his judgment finds daily vindication. It was thus eminently fitting that he should have been the first president of the board under the new regime, and should have lived to see the realization of his hopes in the development of the school where he had begun his notable career. Many of his happiest moments in later years were spent from time to time at just such hearthfire gatherings as this one where our memorial service is being held to-night, and many of you have listened on such occasions to his sympathetic and inspiring words to the group of those

whom he could think of as his boys. May all Wilbraham students cherish his memory as that of one who exemplified the ideal product of the school that he so dearly loved!

RESOLUTIONS

IN MEMORY OF

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

AND OTHER TRIBUTES

EXTRACT FROM A MEMOIR ENTERED IN THE MINUTES OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES, WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

THE most significant event of the year was the coronation, on earth and in heaven, of Caleb Thomas Winchester, our matchless professor of English literature. . . .

For many years Professor Winchester . . . was Wesleyan's fairest, finest ornament. The classical charm, the perfect diction, the chaste dignity, the clear, unerring analysis, the vivid descriptions and picturing power in his lectures and writings made him a model of pure, vital, racy English style. . . .

But Professor Winchester's rare ability, acquirements, and literary mastery were not the noblest of his gifts to his alma mater. Greatest of all was his . . . devotion to his students. His laborious patience in his work with them was unsurpassed. His example exacted from them similar application. . . .

His devotion to his own mother-college was equal to his sacrificing love to his stu-

dents. Tempted away from Wesleyan by larger colleges and rich universities, east and west, with higher salary and less toilsome duties, he declined their flattering invitations and spent his whole splendid life in the service of his alma mater.

No praise can pay the debt, no words express the gratitude, due to such a man for such services joyfully rendered through fifty magnificent years. . . .

June 19, 1920.

William Valentine Kelley,
William Arnold Shanklin,
John Gribbel,
Frank Kirkwood Hallock.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE FACULTY OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,

March 25, 1920

The Vice-President reported that he had appointed a committee, consisting of Professors Crawford, Mead, and Farley, to draw up resolutions in memory of Professor Winchester. The committee presented the following, which were adopted by a rising vote:

By the death of Caleb Thomas Winchester Wesleyan has been deprived of one of the most widely known and best loved members of her faculty. Added to the teaching staff of the university shortly after his graduation in 1869, he was from the outset recognized as an independent thinker and as a brilliant and inspiring teacher. With rare modesty, uniformly disclaiming close acquaintance with any matter outside his chosen field, he brought to the classroom an intimate knowledge not only of the entire range of modern English literature but of the great subjects that combine to make a liberal education. For well nigh half a century his interpretation of literature has shaped the thinking and guided the taste of nearly every student of Wesleyan University. His standards of literary excellence have been

the ideal which nearly two generations of pupils have endeavored to realize in their own work. In his personal relations with his students and his colleagues Professor Winchester uniformly showed an exquisite courtesy and a marked consideration for views that differed widely from his own. But his opinions were always so well grounded and presented so persuasively that he not infrequently convinced his most determined opponents.

We cannot yet realize in full the debt that Wesleyan owes to Professor Winchester, but we can see throughout his life a singleness of purpose and a devotion to duty that reflect the high Christian character of one who walked as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE COLLEGE BODY OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

In Memoriam

Professor Caleb T. Winchester

Whereas, God in his infinite love and knowledge has chosen to call Caleb T. Winchester, our beloved guide, teacher, and friend, from our college group; and

Whereas, We mourn the loss of his gentle and inspiring character and appreciate his life of generous service and unswerving devotion to our college; therefore, be it

Resolved: That we, the undergraduates of Wesleyan University, do hereby extend to his family our deepest sympathy; and be it further

Resolved: That copies of these resolutions be given to the bereaved family, written into the records of the college body, and published in the Wesleyan *Argus*.

Raymond A. Dousseau,
Edward E. Dixon,
Byron D. MacDonald,
For the College Body.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY XI CHAPTER OF PSI UPSILON

WHEREAS, God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to take from our midst our beloved professor, friend, and brother, Caleb Thomas Winchester, and

WHEREAS, The Xi Chapter of Psi Upsilon does very deeply feel the loss of so true and loyal a brother, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the members of his bereaved family our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to his family and communicated to the public through the medium of the proper publications.

For the Chapter,

GEORGE F. BICKFORD,
MILTON S. ANDREWS.

EXTRACT FROM A MINUTE ADOPTED BY THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY CLUB OF NEW YORK

. . . Since Professor Winchester summed up so well in himself and in his career the ideals of Wesleyan; since he was so supreme an embodiment of the best that Wesleyan can produce; since the lovable nobility, dignity, loyalty, charity, and integrity of his character, and the sweetness and light of his scholarship have been so wrought into the most precious traditions of Wesleyan; be it

Resolved, That the Wesleyan University Club of New York record its recognition of the irreparable loss it has suffered in the death of Professor Winchester by incorporating this minute in the permanent records of the Club and by sending a copy thereof to Mrs. Winchester and to the Secretary of the Wesleyan Alumni Council.[1]

May 8, 1920.

[1] This minute was drafted by Cornelius Roach Berrien, '96.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE NEW YORK EAST ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Thursday, March 25, 1920.

Death of Professor Winchester.—W. A. Shanklin announced the death of Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University. On motion of F. M. North, it was ordered that a committee on a minute for publication be appointed, composed of those who had graduated from Wesleyan University during the five decades of Professor Winchester's service. W. A. Shanklin and A. B. Sanford were designated to name this committee. It was ordered that a telegram of sympathy be immediately sent to Mrs. Winchester.

The committee on a minute for the Journal concerning Professor C. T. Winchester was announced by W. A. Shanklin, as follows: G. P. Mains, F. M. North, D. G. Downey, W. E. Scofield, F. B. Upham,

F. W. Hannan, J. W. Langdale, W. B. Maskiell.

Tuesday, March 30, 1920.

Death of Professor C. T. Winchester.—The following resolution on the death of Professor C. T. Winchester, of Wesleyan University, was presented by F. B. Upham for the special committee, and was unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

The New York East Conference, having heard with profound sorrow of the death of Caleb Thomas Winchester, LL.D., for nearly fifty years professor of English literature in Wesleyan University, hereby lovingly records its admiration for his unsurpassed ability in the field of his activity, its pride in his distinguished achievements, giving a name and a place among American universities to the college he loved, and its gratitude for the singular charm and beauty of a life pure in word and deed, "without fear and without reproach."

His memory will ever be cherished wherever his alma mater is known and loved, and wherever among us English literature is studied for its beauty and its strength. With gratitude to God that we have been permitted to claim anything of gracious intimacy with him and anything of guidance at his hand, we enter this minute expressing our esteem and sorrow.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE OFFICIAL BOARD OF THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

The official board of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown, Connecticut, deem it fitting to record their profound sense of the loss which the church has suffered in the death of Caleb Thomas Winchester, professor of English literature in Wesleyan University. Professor Winchester's high scholarship in his chosen department, his inspiring qualities as a teacher, his ability as lecturer and author, won for him high fame in literary and educational circles. The honor which he worthily gained was a help to the influence and usefulness of the church with which he was connected.

But at present our thought is occupied especially, not with his literary achievements and his influence in educational life, but with his relation to the church of which he was a member for more than half a century. Professor Winchester first made public profes-

sion of his allegiance to Christ while a student in the academy at Wilbraham, of which at the time of his death he was president of the board of trustees. He was deeply interested not only in the life and work of the local church but in the general life and work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the home land and in the mission field. In 1904 he was a member of the General Conference. He was a frequent contributor to the *Methodist Review, The Christian Advocate,* and *Zion's Herald.* While many of his articles dealt with literary topics, the themes of others related to the life and work of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a most influential member of the commission which edited the last and best of the hymnals which have been prepared for the Methodist Episcopal Church. The hymnal from which we gain so much inspiration in our church services is to us a memorial of Professor Winchester. He was the author of one hymn and of one tune in the collection. But the excellence of the book as a whole is largely due to his sound judgment and fine literary taste.

In our week-night prayer meetings his

voice in prayer and song and testimony was always helpful and inspiring. While he was constant in his attendance and helpful in his participation in our ordinary services, his wide knowledge, his sympathy with all human interests, his eloquence, and at times his genial humor made it a delight to listen to him in lectures and addresses on various special occasions connected with the work of the church. The brilliant pageant which illustrated our centennial celebration owed much to his appreciation of church history and to his dramatic skill. His great gifts were always at the service of the church that he loved. But greater than all gifts are the graces which he exemplified in his life. We are grateful for the memory of his humble faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and his brotherly love to all who were associated with him in the fellowship of the church. Our profound sympathy is with Mrs. Winchester and other members of his family in their bereavement. May the faith in the heavenly Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ which inspired the life of him who has gone before be their comfort.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CONVERSATIONAL CLUB, MIDDLETOWN, CONNECTICUT

In the death of Caleb Thomas Winchester, professor of English literature in Wesleyan University, the Conversational Club has lost a member prominent in the respect and love of his associates.

At the time of his death Professor Winchester was almost at the head of the roll of members in the order of seniority, having been a member for a little more than half a century.

We always listened with delight and admiration to the papers which he presented. Naturally his papers were mostly on subjects relating to the literature of our English language. They were characterized by an intensely human interest. The authors whom he loved were his friends and companions. He introduced us into their friendship, and our lives were made richer by that fellowship. His criticisms were eminently characterized by sanity. His exposures of

literary abnormalities and monstrosities were as interesting as they were wholesome. In the Conversational Club we had the first hearing of many interesting studies subsequently given to a larger public in popular lectures or in publications. His papers, however, were by no means exclusively literary. They covered a considerable range of subjects, especially philosophical and religious. Whatever might be the topic, his papers had the same characteristic charm of a style simple, transparently clear, remarkable alike for elegance and force. He was not only a good talker, but also a good listener. He was interested in the discussions of the club, and his utterances were always words fitly spoken.

He was a most delightful participant in the social life of the club. His genial humor enlivened our conversations. His genuine kindliness of spirit was a delight to all. He was eminently a clubable man.

His purity and sincerity of character always and everywhere commanded respect. He publicly professed allegiance to Christ and to the Christian church before the beginning of his college life. He was ever loyal

to that branch of the Christian church of which he was a member by inheritance and by choice. But he was always in hearty sympathy with all phases of life and thought wherein the true spirit of Christianity found expression. He was a loyal and public-spirited citizen. He was profoundly interested in every movement for the betterment of any phase of human life. To him nothing human was alien. His life was an example of obedience to the two great commandments of love to God and love to man.

Our hearty sympathy is with the members of his family in their bereavement; but, amid their grief for one so loving and so loved, theirs is the priceless treasure of the abiding memory of a pure and noble and fruitful life.

April 12, 1920.

William North Rice,
Azel Washburn Hazen.
William Edward Mead.

PERSONAL TRIBUTES TO PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

In addition to the expressions of appreciation recorded elsewhere in this volume it seems fitting that from the mass of letters and telegrams received from friends and former students, either by Professor Winchester himself at the time of the complimentary dinner or by Mrs. Winchester after Professor Winchester's death, a few should be chosen for permanent record in this place.

The following have been selected from the large number of telegrams:

The White House, Washington, D. C.,
March 27, 1920.

Mrs. Caleb Winchester,
Middletown, Conn.

May I not express my heartfelt sympathy for you in the loss of your husband, for whom I had the most affectionate esteem.

Woodrow Wilson.
[Professor in Wesleyan University, 1888-1890.]

RESOLUTIONS

New York, March 24, 1920.

Mrs. C. T. Winchester,
Middletown, Conn.

Please accept our affectionate sympathy in this hour of great sorrow. Wesleyan men everywhere will mourn with you the loss of our dear friend and leader.

John C. Clark.

[Wesleyan '86, President of Board of Trustees, Wesleyan University.]

Buffalo, N. Y., March 25, 1920.

Mrs. C. T. Winchester,
Middletown, Conn.

Of all the men I have been privileged to know no one has ever claimed a larger part of my admiration and affection than Professor Winchester. I am thankful for his most helpful influence over my life. Mrs. Burt joins me in heartfelt sympathy in this hour of your sorrow.

William Burt.

[Wesleyan '79, Bishop of Methodist Episcopal Church.]

Lawrenceville, N. J., March 26, 1920.

Mrs. C. T. Winchester,
Middletown, Conn.

Have just learned of the passing on of dear Professor Winchester. Cannot adequately express our sense of great and irreparable loss. He was beloved by us as teacher, friend, scholar, man.

His life was an unfailing inspiration. Accept our sincere sympathy.

CHARLES HENRY RAYMOND, '77.
CHARLES HARLOW RAYMOND, '99.

North Wilbraham, Mass., March 24, 1920.

MRS. C. T. WINCHESTER,
Middletown, Conn.

Mrs. Douglass joins me in loving sympathy, tender thoughts, and earnest prayers for your comfort and strength. We feel very deeply the sorrow which has come to you and to us. Wilbraham has lost its greatest friend and most loving and loyal son.

GAYLORD W. DOUGLASS,
[Wesleyan '00, Headmaster, Wilbraham Academy.]

At the time of the complimentary dinner, Professor Winchester received letters of most grateful appreciation from a large number of his former students. As an illustration of those received from his pupils who have followed him in the career of teaching literature, the following extract from a letter by Frederick William Roe, '97, Associate Professor of English and Junior Dean of the College of Letters and Science in the University of Wisconsin, may be quoted:

My heart will be with you all, just the same. As the years have come and gone since I have graduated (now twenty-two years ago!) I have had an increasingly clear perception of what your teaching has meant to me. Yours was one of the voices at Wesleyan in those years that went to my inmost heart and awakened or created ideals and interests that have kept me going ever since—however far short of the goal I have come! Your teaching of literature, your opening to us boys of the magic doors of English poetry, and all poetry—who that have ever been in your classes will ever forget the charm and power of that teaching? Your interpretation of Chaucer and Spenser, of Wordsworth and Keats, and, most of all, your reading of them, have made it forever impossible for us to love any but the masters. Surely Newman's voice could not have meant more to Arnold in his undergraduate years than yours has meant to hundreds of us Wesleyan men who have been fortunate enough to come under your instruction.

It is a very great pleasure to acknowledge the privilege of this instruction, especially upon the occasion of the Winchester dinner. With all my heart I congratulate you upon the completion of a long and distinguished service to Wesleyan, to the profession of teaching, and (may I say it again?) to the *teaching of poetry*,—poetry with its beauty and its noble criticism of life.

That Professor Winchester was also ap-

preciated by those who were permitted to take but a single course with him is typically illustrated in the following extract from a letter written by Edward Loranus Rice, '92, Professor of Zoölogy in Ohio Wesleyan University:

I look back to your course in "Junior Lit." as an ideal course, although, as you know, my special interests then, as now, were in very different lines. Did you know that that course of yours was the only non-scientific elective I took in Wesleyan? And I was mighty proud that I was eligible for your senior course, although my schedule was so full that I could not take the course.

Another expression from one of Professor Winchester's pupils who has since graduation been engaged in the teaching of literature and who was for a brief time a colleague of Professor Winchester in the department of English in Wesleyan University, is contained in the following extract from a letter written after Professor Winchester's death by George Wiley Sherburn, '06, Assistant Professor of English in the University of Chicago:

Certainly I have not said as often as I should how entirely my progress as a student and a

teacher has been due to him. I shall never have any other human model than Professor Winchester. For me he is and will be the ideal combination of scholarship, teaching ability, and personality. I hope I shall continue to take every opportunity to come back to Wesleyan; but with Professor Winchester gone, the main pleasure of coming will no longer be there.

You must find some comfort for your great loss in his magnificent achievement. When Sir Walter Raleigh, who is or was Professor at Oxford, visited Chicago two or three years ago, he told a group of our English professors here that Mr. Winchester was the most interesting man he had met in America—and he had met about all that America had to offer in our profession.[1] You must also find consolation in the fact that Professor Winchester was prepared to go and worthy to be taken. I have never known a nobler, more dignified Christian.

Perhaps no letter of sympathy reveals more clearly Professor Winchester in his

[1] At a dinner given in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh at Brown University, Professor Winchester, in offering his toast, quoted Shakespeare's lines,

> He hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer.

This allusion to Sir Walter's stature was the hit of the evening and was enjoyed by none more than by the eminent English scholar himself

everyday life than does the one written by Mr. Adrian R. Dunn, the postman who met him daily for many years:

Personally I would extend to you my tribute to the Christian gentleman who has passed on; to him I owe the remembrance of many a happy time, when it would be my good fortune to meet him while on my route as a letter-carrier. Always kind; always fair; always just; always ready to impart needed information to one who was of an inquiring mind; I pray God to receive him and make him happy in that home where we will all expect to meet some day.

The president of the board of trustees of the University at the time of Professor Winchester's death was the Honorable John Cheesman Clark of the class of 1886. A double interest, therefore, attaches to the following tribute from him:

Of the men who have passed their undergraduate days at Wesleyan University since Professor Caleb T. Winchester became a member of its faculty, there are few who fail to recognize his profound influence upon their later years. His broad scholarship, his rare refinement, his unfailing courtesy and consideration, his appreciation of all that is elevating and ennobling in literature and his ability to inspire in his students the same sympa-

thetic understanding, made his classrooms memories to be treasured for a lifetime. I knew and admired him while I was a student and I have known and admired him since I have been an officer of the college. There never was in the mind of any man a doubt of his motives, a question of his honor, or a suspicion of his loyalty to truth and duty. He stood by his Alma Mater when personal considerations might have led him into more ambitious surroundings. He loved his work and he loved his college and to them he gave his life in unstinted measure.

Among my personal memories of Professor Winchester is an incident in one of his class rooms. During my junior year in college I had a severe attack of pneumonia and was absent from classes for a number of weeks. Within a few days after my return to the class in English literature there was an oral review during the course of which I was called upon to illustrate some quality of William Cowper, whose poems had been studied during my absence. Rather than admit my entire lack of familiarity with the poems, I quoted a verse from the hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." This amused several of my classmates, but Professor Winchester, realizing the situation, immediately quoted the remainder of the hymn, and added to it verse after verse of Cowper's hymns and poems, with sympathetic and inspiring comments during the rest of the hour, until he made William Cowper's

life and poems a lasting influence upon the thoughts and lives of the men who were before him.

It is a composite of such incidents that I have in mind when I look back upon the fortunate years of my friendship with Professor Winchester. He was to me a dear friend, an inspiring teacher, a rare and sympathetic spirit, and an ideal gentleman.

EDITORIALS
AND OTHER
PRESS NOTICES

Extract from The Christian Advocate, New York, June 26, 1919

VICTORY COMMENCEMENT AT OLD WESLEYAN

Wesleyan University's victory commencement, June 19-23, brought back to the historic campus in Middletown the largest gathering of alumni ever assembled in the history of the college.

The central figures were Professor Caleb T. Winchester and Major-General Leonard Wood. They represented the two ideas that dominated the festivities. Professor Winchester, honored and beloved by all Wesleyan men, completes this June his fiftieth year as an alumnus, and in his semi-centennial celebration the whole college joined enthusiastically, not only because of his literary distinction, but also because of the affection that he has won from all the alumni. The dinner in his honor, on Friday night, demonstrated that this great teacher personifies all that is best in Wesleyan traditions and ideals. General Wood, speaking

at the victory rally, on Saturday afternoon, represented Wesleyan's pride in the important part taken by her men in the war, the general rejoicing over victory, and the honor that the college would do to her sons returning from the service and to those who died in the war. For these latter a special memorial service, on Sunday evening, was addressed by Dr. George P. Eckman.

At the commencement exercises the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Major-General Wood and Professor Winchester, and also upon Rear Admiral Leigh Carlyle Palmer and Governor Marcus H. Holcomb, war Governor of Connecticut.

FIFTY CLASSES MOURN WESLEYAN'S LOSS: "WINCH"—TEACHER, SCHOLAR, MAN.

FEW men have served Wesleyan better than Caleb Thomas Winchester. He gave to the college a half century of devotion. But Professor Winchester had an even greater commission than that which he discharged in Middletown. He was a disciple of God and the patient teacher and sympathetic friend of all mankind. When we think of the achievements of Wesleyan and the men who have been responsible for many of these achievements, three names present themselves immediately—Van Vleck, Rice, and Winchester—these, who came to the old college as recruits, have been directly responsible for her primacy to-day. Professor Winchester was one of those men who "made" Wesleyan.

The Olin Professor of English Literature, who was one of the two oldest and best-known members of Wesleyan's faculty, was 73 years old. Last December he was stricken

with a paralytic shock from which he never fully recovered. For a time the attending physicians thought his condition was improving, but his heart failed him at the last. Then, in the quiet peacefulness of the early evening of March 24, this best-loved professor, whose constant affection for the college and loyalty to its ideals have been one of its greatest assets, passed silently away. The immediate family, including Mrs. Winchester and his son, Julian Caleb Winchester, were at the bedside when the end came.

"Winch," as he was affectionately called by all who knew him, was brought up in a strong, wholesome moral and intellectual environment. He was born in Uncasville, Connecticut, on January 18, 1847, the son of Rev. George F. Winchester. Both his father and grandfather were Methodist ministers.

Throughout his years of schooling, Professor Winchester was a student of high standing. He prepared for college at Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Massachusetts, a school which has continued to hold his affectionate interest. For eight years prior to his death, Professor Winchester was presi-

dent of the board of trustees. He was generous in his gifts to the Academy as well as in the unselfishness of his leadership.

Graduating from Wesleyan Academy in 1865, Professor Winchester entered Wesleyan University, where his scholastic and literary work was always of the highest type. Speaking of Professor Winchester's orations at evening chapel during his senior year, Professor Rice has said, "There was one man in that senior class whose orations had a maturity of thought and an exquisite beauty of language which an undergraduate very seldom attains. Some of the thoughts and some fine turns of expression impressed themselves upon my memory, and remain to this day."

Professor Winchester was one of the earliest editors of the *Wesleyan Argus* and contributed much toward the successful launching of the publication. He was also deeply interested in all forms of music; with three classmates, he organized a most successful quartet, out of which Wesleyan's Glee Club later developed. He received his bachelor's degree with the class of 1869 with Phi Beta Kappa rank, and his master's de-

gree in 1872. A member of Psi Upsilon, he remained throughout the long years one of the most faithful and loyal of the members of that fraternity.

The first official capacity in which Professor Winchester served Wesleyan was that of college librarian. He was appointed to this position upon graduation and served until 1873, when, at the age of 27, he was elected to the professorship of rhetoric and literature. In 1880 and 1881 he studied at the University of Leipsic, Germany. He returned to Wesleyan, and in 1890 his title became Olin Professor of English Literature.

Professor William North Rice, in an address delivered at the Winchester dinner, June, 1919, said, "I think it is fortunate that Professor Winchester has served continuously in one position. Years ago he had an opportunity to go to a great university on a larger salary than he has ever received here. But I believe that he has achieved a greater and more enduring usefulness by building his life into the college which he has loved." It is true that Wesleyan has ever been Professor Winchester's chief center of interest.

In his death the sons of Wesleyan have lost a true friend, for "Winch" drew men to him with a rare winsomeness, and always retained the friendship of those who were under his instruction.

Besides being president of the board of trustees of Wilbraham Academy, Professor Winchester held several positions of distinction. In 1904 he was a member of the committee for the revision of the *Methodist Hymnal.* Between 1890 and 1900 he gave the Donovan lectures on English literature in Johns Hopkins University, and he also lectured annually for twenty-five years at Wells College. Dickinson College conferred the degree of L.H.D. upon him in 1892, and in 1919, on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation from Wesleyan, his alma mater honored him with the degree of LL.D.

Some of Professor Winchester's books on criticism are used in various schools and colleges throughout the country. Much of his best literary work was never published, for he always wished to reserve the best that was in him for classroom and lectures. His few published works, however, are of

the highest merit. Among them are: *Five Short Courses of Reading in English Literature,* published in 1891; *Some Principles of Literary Criticism,* 1899; *A Life of John Wesley,* 1906; *A Group of English Essayists,* 1910; *A Book of English Essays,* 1914; *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers,* 1904; and *Wordsworth: How to Know Him,* 1916.

Professor Winchester's first wife, Julia Stackpole Smith, of Middletown, whom he married on December 25, 1872, died June 25, 1877. On April 2, 1880, he married Alice Goodwin Smith, who survives him, with his son, one brother, George, of Paterson, N. J., and a sister, Miss Fannie Winchester, of Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

The following appreciations written by alumni of four different generations give some insight into the affection of all Wesleyan graduates for their great teacher and loyal friend:

Fifty-five Years of Friendship

I have been invited to write a few words in relation to Professor Winchester's early years in Wesleyan.

AFTER THE 1919 COMMENCEMENT

His senior year in college was the first year of my teaching. His literary work in student days showed a maturity of thought and a power of expression which for an undergraduate were phenomenal. I remember distinctly an oration on Oliver Goldsmith, in which he showed that same power of bringing his hearers into acquaintance and friendship with the authors whom he loved which has characterized the lectures of his later years.

Professor Winchester's first official appointment in Wesleyan was as librarian. I think the first class which he taught was a class in Homer. In those days the members of our little faculty did various odd jobs and helped where help was needed. Winchester's interest in the great epic was, of course, on the literary rather than on the linguistic side. He assisted in the work of the department of English before his appointment in 1873 to the professorship which he has made illustrious. His introductory course in English literature was from the beginning the most uniformly popular elective in the curriculum. The more advanced electives offered in the department were eagerly

sought by the men of literary taste and genius.

I remember well the first of the brilliant public lectures on English literature which gave Professor Winchester a popular reputation. It was on "London, a Hundred Years Ago," and was delivered in the chapel of the Methodist church of Middletown. On that occasion the lecture was illustrated by charcoal drawings from the hand of Mrs. Winchester.

Professor Winchester was primarily and chiefly a writer of prose, but even in his student days he showed the power to write poetry of real merit. When Judd Hall was dedicated in 1871, he wrote for the occasion the noble hymn,

The Lord our God alone is strong.

That hymn is included in the two latest hymnals of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In its simple dignity it reminds the reader of that noble hymn of Watts,

O God, our help in ages past,

which Winchester has characterized as the stateliest hymn in the English language.

PRESS NOTICES

The half-century of Professor Winchester's service in Wesleyan University was a half-century of growing power and achievement. But no preternatural gift of prophecy was needed to see in the Winchester of 1869 the Winchester of 1919.

WILLIAM NORTH RICE, '65.

THE BELOVED TEACHER

He has passed away, but he has left behind
A store of memories, that, in the mind
Of those who loved him, ne'er forgot shall be.
We think of those dear, far-off days, when we
Sat at his feet, our teacher and our friend,
And felt the influence that ne'er shall end.
We see his kindly face, we hear his voice,
We feel the charm that made our hearts rejoice.
O, in the days and years that are to be,
More precious still shall grow his memory,
Beloved teacher, he who turned our eyes
Toward the beauty that around us lies.
Long in the lives of others shall go on
The work he did, though he himself be gone.

—OSCAR KUHNS, '85.

IN HIS PRIME

When I entered college Professor Winchester was barely forty years of age, but he

already possessed a national reputation as scholar and critic and commanded the enthusiastic admiration of all his students. I do not think that our feelings toward him were very different from what they are today, as we look back over his rich and noble life, except that the years have given depth and significance to our gratitude and appreciation.

We were impressed, first of all, by his learning, not as something remote and foreign, but as something brought home to us for our use and benefit. With the greatest modesty, without a hint of display, he yet made us aware of the thoroughness, the discrimination, the ripeness, and the authority of his scholarship. Then, there was his mastery of the English language. That style so clear and fine, that diction fastidious but masculine, which we have admired in his books and essays, were felt in every word that he spoke in the classroom. He invited us to feast upon the best he had, and even we boys could appreciate the richness and delicacy of the banquet.

As a teacher and a man he was, of course, closer to us than as a lecturer and scholar.

We felt that he belonged to us, that he was a very real force in our lives. He was all kindness and generosity and sympathy. He opened his library to us, gave his evenings to reading with us, and always had a word of encouragement for any honest effort.

With all his kindness and modesty he had the quality of dignity. He never made a bid for popularity; it was impossible for him to stoop. He had a sense of his high calling, of the responsibilities and duties of a teacher. No boy was impertinent enough to dream of taking a liberty with him. His humor had its dignity; it could be dry, caustic, even withering toward pretentiousness, but it was also sage and genial. Those quiet asides, which penetrated a character, or illumined a situation, or pricked a bubble—we watched for them eagerly, repeated and treasured them. How much of our subsequent knowledge of literature and of men rests on some of those *obiter dicta!*

Was it this humor which made literature alive for his classes of boys? Partly, no doubt, but mainly I think the idealism which was so vital in his philosophy, his faith, and his life. Could a man better exemplify the

great ideal of a teacher? He crowded his mind with the best that has been known and said, he enriched it with the literature that is so large a part of our spiritual treasury, in order that he might give freely and unreservedly from his wealth to his students. Few men have done so much to guide young Americans to a love of good literature and of better living.

ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE, '93.

THE LEADER AND FRIEND

I am adding my small bit of halting tribute, not to Professor Winchester, the distinguished man of letters, the great teacher, and the pride of Wesleyan for half a century—others can do that more competently and more gracefully than I — but to "Winch," as the younger generation knew him, the man, the beloved teacher, and the friend.

It was my privilege to know him outside the classroom and even away from the Wesleyan environment, of which he seemed so much a part. He was the same courteous, thoughtful gentleman that we all knew in the classroom, kindly and wise and lovable,

with always a touch of rare humor lurking in the background. Quick in sympathy, keen in human judgment, wise—though never dogmatic—in practical counsel, he made friendship an honor and a rare privilege for any young man.

In the classroom, even the dullest and least literary among us were stirred by a touch of the divine fire and inspired to emulation by the richness and inherent nobility of his character, while those whose natural bent inclined them to books and letters will always look on him as the most inspiring teacher they ever sat under in any university. No less a judge than the literary editor of the *North American Review* once said to me that Professor Winchester had done more to mould the literary taste of the young men of this country in the past forty years than any other one man. The range of his appreciation was remarkable, from the arch humor of a Tam O'Shanter to the high seriousness of a Hamlet. In his own words, concerning Shakespeare, he "sympathized intimately with a wider range of passion, and so touched more springs of human feeling than any other." But his outstanding

characteristic was that "moral sanity," which he himself says is "always characteristic of really great literature."

Now he is dead, we feel not only that Wesleyan is no longer Wesleyan, but that the spirit of living culture is less. To-day

> The world is too much with us; late and soon,
> Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

It is, indeed, a dangerous loss to the world at this time that such a voice should be forever stilled. Our solace must lie in this, that we can never be robbed of the priceless thing which he has built into the hearts and minds of all Wesleyan men. One thing alone is for us irretrievably lost, the man himself, whom we have loved, our leader and our friend.

PHILIP LOMBARD GIVEN, '09.

Editorial

WESLEYAN'S LOSS—AND GAIN

THE heart of every alumnus is sad at the going of "Winch." Such a career will not be duplicated. No man can ever give to Wesleyan a gift more precious or more lasting than his great gift—his life. No name is dearer to Wesleyan hearts than his. The gentle voice and manner, the genial humor, the rich, varied appreciation of all that is beautiful and good, the inspiring teaching of Wesleyan's great master will be a fondly cherished memory in the heart of every Wesleyan man of the past half-century.

Such a life is almost a miracle. It makes one believe more deeply in God and in the infinite possibilities of humanity. Fifty-five years devoted to studying and teaching the best things that the human race has achieved; a life unusually rich and full, built, with singleness of devotion for a half-century, into the very fiber of a loved institution. The privilege of such a life is

granted to but few men. The blessing of such a life comes to but very few institutions. The grief at his going, therefore, and the dismay at the gap which he has left, are tempered by joyful gratitude that he has lived and that Wesleyan has had her "Winch."

"WINCH"

Our best beloved teacher, our perfect friend, the personification to us of Wesleyan ideals and traditions, has left us. Of the present college generation, only the seniors and juniors came to know him personally through the lecture room; the underclassmen felt his deep humanity and the genuineness of his powerful personality in chapel services and about the campus. Wherever he went, to whomever he spoke, there radiated a spirit of cheerfulness, a spirit of democracy, which have built themselves into the very foundations of the college. It will always be a misfortune for us to have lived through four years without him by our side, as our counselor and our leader. But the inspiration of a life as simple, loving, faithful, and devoted as his will make Professor Winchester live in the minds of us all.

WESLEYAN ARGUS, MARCH 25, 1920

Editorial

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

Not one undergraduate will fail to be deeply stirred by the death of that seer of American scholars, Professor Caleb T. Winchester. For fifty continuous years his brilliant mind and kingly personality have helped to ennoble the characters of all those with whom he has dealt. Particularly has Wesleyan been richly benefited through his generous endowment of thought and culture. In the hearts of hundreds of Wesleyan men who have sat at his feet and received the fruits of his genius, there is now deep sorrow that such a life of service has been closed. .

Fame, though much sought, comes to but few. Yet none can say that it did not rest with majesty upon the brow of him whom not only Wesleyan but the world of learning mourns. The force of his intellect is manifested in the new vistas of learning which he has created; the exquisite purity of

his life remains in the new warmth which his friendship has brought into the hearts of all who knew him. Truly the world has lost a great scholar. Wesleyan has been bereft of a loyal and dear son, and every undergraduate, of a wise, patient counselor and true friend. Our sympathy goes out to those to whom he was dear; our grief remains a tribute to his rich life of devoted service.

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST, MARCH 26, 1920

Editorial

SCHOLAR AND MAN

THE death of Professor Caleb T. Winchester, professor of English literature at Wesleyan, removes a figure of the ideal type for a college chair. A scholar to his finger tips, he infused life into learning. He possessed the rare gift of being able to present his subject matter interestingly without becoming superficial, resembling in this respect a better known scholar, the late Professor Lounsbury. It is impossible to demand that a teacher, even of one of the humanities, shall display this talent in so marked a way, but there is nothing unreasonable in the expectation that such a teacher shall take the attitude toward his work that these men took, and strive, so far as in him lies, to do what they did. Literary criticism is usually regarded as a preserve for the specialist, and the specialist does little to discourage this notion. Yet everybody reads. Why should not a growing number read critically?

This does not mean that they should read with less appreciation, less pleasure, less gusto. Those who came under Professor Winchester's influence, in classroom or public hall, suffered no blunting of their sensitiveness to literary beauty by their keener insight and their sharpened power of analysis. If they saw the false more clearly than before, they saw the true more clearly too. If they were less patient with the commonplace, they had greater joy in the excellent.

It is the fashion to refer to men like Professor Winchester as scholars of the old school. It is the duty of college presidents to do what they can to make such men the fashion still.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1920

Extract from Editorial

A PRINCE AMONG TEACHERS

. . . . . .

CALEB T. WINCHESTER was the perfect teacher. He loved his subject, English literature, and had such a knowledge of its history, and such skill in interpreting its spirit, as few Americans have possessed. More than that, he had that rare gift of imparting to others a sense of literary values, and a power to analyze and appreciate literature, which fitted most of his students to read to their own edification, while it inspired a few in every college generation to brilliant creative effort.

In his modest and charming way, before a company of his best friends at the last commencement season, Professor Winchester told, with engaging informality, the story of his connection with this college to whose service he devoted his life. The paper[1] will

[1] Printed on pages 96 to 117 of this volume. It was also printed in the above-mentioned number of *The Christian Advocate* with the following introductory note:

be read with delight by his old pupils, for it is fragrant with his cherished personality. But its value goes beyond its reminiscence. Informal though it is, it is a contribution to the history of the study of English literature in American colleges. For in this field Wesleyan was an acknowledged leader, and it was so because in this man she had a teacher who had raised his subject to a commanding position as a means of general culture. The rich universities recognized his worth, and sometimes drew upon his services, but he was deaf to their flattering invitations to join their teaching staff.

. . . . . .

"Dr. Winchester, who has had no superior in his generation in America as a teacher of English literature in the college classroom and in the popular lecture hall, was the guest of many friends, colleagues, and former students last commencement. His remarks on that occasion are addressed first of all to the graduates of that fine New England college, most of whom had been his pupils; but his acquaintance is so wide, his academic standing so eminent, that his remarks upon college education in general and the study of literature in particular will be of interest to all who are concerned in this form of intellectual culture."

CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITORS OF THE REVIEW:

It is with regret that I note that none of the literary weeklies has so far mentioned the recent death of Professor C. T. Winchester, for nearly fifty years head of the department of English literature at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. I say with regret because he was one of the small band of truly literary teachers of literature. To sit in his classroom was at once an education and an inspiration. His voice was like one of those voices at Oxford of whom Arnold wrote so eloquently in his essay on Emerson. In our American universities, in our departments of English literature, we now have, if you will, "more knowledge, more light," but such a voice as that of Winchester is most rare. In very few cases is the great author tried by his peer. Shakespeare becomes a curiosity of Elizabethan English, and we learn everything about Chaucer except his literary qualities.

Professor Winchester was a peer of literary greatness. To read his books, *Principles of Literary Criticism* and *A Group of English Essayists of the Early Nineteenth Century,* is to be acutely conscious of this. His exquisite literary taste and judgment, his rare faculty of imparting literary enthusiasms—which never included mediocre authors—drew to him a band of disciples limited only by the number of students in attendance at Wesleyan. Several times he refused flattering offers from great universities. His work, he said, was at Wesleyan.

The loss of such a teacher of literature is a calamity; but in the shadow of those mountains which he loved, beyond the Connecticut river below Middletown, his memory will need no laurel.

HARRY TORSEY BAKER.[1]
Goucher College,
Baltimore, Md., April 23.

[1] Professor Baker was graduated from Wesleyan in 1900 and during the next three years served there as assistant in English, and in 1903-1904 as tutor in English.

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A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

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PROFESSOR WINCHESTER AS A PUBLIC LECTURER

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER AS A PUBLIC LECTURER

One of the most notable factors in Professor Winchester's career was his success and popularity as a public lecturer on literary and other topics. One of his earliest appearances as a public lecturer was before a Middletown audience, and his subject was *London a Hundred Years Ago.* This lecture, repeated from time to time before various audiences, was last given before a California audience in 1917 at what was probably one of his last appearances as a lecturer before a general audience.

In the space of more than forty years which lay between these two lectures Professor Winchester gave a large number of lectures and courses of lectures before both college and general audiences. Of unusual interest and importance was his connection with Wells College at Aurora-on-Cayuga-Lake, New York, of which Miss Katherine Keeler, Professor of English in that college, has written as follows:

He lectured at the college for thirty years,

from 1880 to 1910 (through 1909) without, I think, ever missing a year. He came two or three times after that, but no longer regularly. He came always, so far as I know, at Thanksgiving time, spending the last week of November with us. He usually gave five or six lectures during that week, though in some of the earlier years as few as three or four.

The lectures at first were more general in character than later. The first that I find mentioned in the catalogue (1883-1884) were three lectures on English Literature in the Times of Elizabeth and Queen Anne. He gave the next year a series of five on Literature of the Elizabethan Period. He gave several times a number of lectures, four or five or six, on Shakespeare's Plays; five on the Age of Queen Anne; five on a Group of English Essayists (Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, etc.); Memories of the English Lake Region; a series on Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats; a series on the Victorian Writers (Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Clough); one group of lectures on American Literature (American Literature before 1830, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Whittier); and single lectures on An Old Castle, An Evening in the London of 1780, Literature as a Means of Religious Culture.

Professor Winchester gave many informal talks and readings during the days he spent in Aurora. He was always exceedingly generous to us. He came to know well many of the students,

and many of them look back to his days at the college as a time that gave them their first real love for literature, or that strengthened the delight they had found in it under the guidance of Dean Smith.[1]

Dr. Kerr D. Macmillan, now President of Wells College, has written as follows of the esteem in which Professor Winchester has continued to be held at Wells College and of the memorials for him established there:

One of our trustees, Mrs. Charles Weston of Scranton, who was an undergraduate here when Professor Winchester used to visit the college, has just endowed a scholarship which is to be called the Winchester scholarship in his honor.

I think, too, I should tell you, in case it may not have reached your ears, that the senior member of the department of English, Miss Keeler, has put a bronze memorial tablet[2] in our Library commemorating his connection with the college, and also given an endowment to buy books year after year in his name.

[1] Helen Fairchild Smith, daughter of Augustus William Smith, fourth President of Wesleyan University, through whom the invitation to lecture at Wells College was originally extended to Professor Winchester.

[2] The inscription reads:

IN MEMORY OF
CALEB T. WINCHESTER
LECTURER IN ENGLISH LITERATURE
1880–1909
IN LITERATURE HE FOUND LIFE

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

It was not my good fortune to be here when Professor Winchester regularly lectured to the students, and I have heard him only occasionally, but it is obvious that his influence upon those who had the advantage of hearing him was both good and permanent, and that they all hold his memory in very high esteem. What a fine thing it is to know that the good we do may live after us in the hearts and lives of our friends!

It has been both a pleasure and an inspiration to hear the many good things said of Professor Winchester's life and work in Wells College, and to have the college chosen as a trustee of concrete memorials to him.

Of almost equal interest was Professor Winchester's connection, as a lecturer, with Johns Hopkins University[1] where he four times gave the lectures on the Donovan Foundation as follows:

1890-1891. English Literature of the Period of Queen Anne, eight lectures.
The Lake Poets, one lecture.

1891-1892. English Poets of the First Half of the Nineteenth Century, nine lectures.

1894-1895. Literature of the Victorian Period, ten lectures.

1899-1900. Essayists and Reviewers of the Early Nineteenth Century, six lectures.

[1] See above, pages 166-168.

In furnishing the information concerning the dates and subjects of these lectures, Professor John H. Latané, the Dean of that University, has written:

> I find four courses listed, the first three of which I remember very distinctly attending myself. Professor Winchester's lectures always attracted large crowds, including members of the faculty, graduate students, and the general public. He was one of the most popular lecturers we have ever had, and I have very vivid recollections of him and his delightful humor.

At one time or another he gave one or more courses of lectures before each of the following colleges and universities: Yale University, Brown University, Smith College, Mount Holyoke College, Elmira College, Richmond College, Ohio Wesleyan University, Northwestern University and the University of Wisconsin. He, also, gave single lectures on one or more occasions at Dartmouth College, Williams College, Amherst College, Vassar College, Clark College, Rhode Island State College, Princeton University, University of Michigan, Purdue University, Clemson College, Wofford College, Hartford Theological

Seminary, Auburn Theological Seminary, and Drew Theological Seminary.

He was a frequent lecturer before teachers' associations, university extension organizations, Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, literary societies, and other gatherings within a day's journey of Middletown. His engagements at more distant points included Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Norfolk, Virginia; Charleston, South Carolina; Mobile, Alabama; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Cleveland, Ohio; Indianapolis, Indiana; Chicago, Illinois; and Pasadena and Los Angeles, California.

The high appreciation of Professor Winchester as a lecturer was manifested by the repeated invitations to return for additional courses or lectures, in many different years, at a large proportion of the places where he had once appeared. It is quite impossible to furnish a complete list of the lectures given or of the places or dates involved, but the following items are, perhaps, the more important ones.

A course of six lectures on *Six Plays of Shakespeare,* South Manchester, Connecticut, college year 1894-1895; University Ex-

tension Society, New Haven, January 20–February 24, 1898. Three of these lectures were given at Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York, January 31, February 14, March 6, 1908. A lecture on *The Winter's Tale, the Play of Shakespeare's Home-Coming,* was given before the Quill Club, New York, April 18, 1916.

Lectures on *Shakespeare, the Man* were given at Memorial Chapel, Wesleyan University, February 7, 1893; Shakespeare Memorial Service, Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, April 23, 1916; Century Club, Springfield, Massachusetts, November 8, 1916.

A course of eight lectures on the *Literature of the Period of Queen Anne,* Johns Hopkins University, college year 1890-1891; University Extension Society, Hartford, Connecticut, college year 1894-1895. Given as a course of six lectures, West Philadelphia Branch of the Society for the Extension of University Studies, college year 1891-1892; Brooklyn Institute, college year 1899-1900; Ohio Wesleyan University, February 11-16, 1903; Hartford, Connecticut, February 29–April 4, 1908.

A course of nine lectures on the *Principal English Poets of the Period 1789-1832:* 1. *Introductory, Characteristics of the Period;* 2. *Burns;* 3. *Wordsworth;* 4. *Southey and Coleridge;* 5. *Scott;* 6. *Byron;* 7. *Shelley, the Man;* 8. *Shelley, the Poet;* 9. *Keats.* Memorial Chapel, Wesleyan University, October 30, 1894–March 23, 1895. This course was probably first given as a course of six lectures, Unity Hall, Hartford, Connecticut, Spring, 1887, and was so repeated at Wells College, November, 1887; at Northwestern University, college year 1890-91; and before the Brooklyn Institute, October 9–November 7, 1897; the full course of nine lectures was given at Johns Hopkins University in the college year 1891-1892; as an abbreviated course of four lectures it was given at Brown University, college year 1896-1897, and at the University of Wisconsin, February 10-14, 1902.

A course of six lectures on the *Essayists and Reviewers of the Early Nineteenth Century:* 1. *Introductory;* 2. *Hazlitt;* 3. *Lamb;* 4. *De Quincey;* 5. *Wilson;* 6. *Leigh Hunt.* Donovan Foundation, Johns Hopkins University, college year 1899-1900; Brooklyn

Institute, September 28–November 9, 1900; Yale University, December 3-17, 1900; Hartford, Connecticut, November 3–December 12, 1900.

A course of ten lectures on the *Literature of the Victorian Period,* Donovan Foundation, Johns Hopkins University, college year 1894-1895; Thomas Foundation, Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia, college year 1894-1895. A course of four of these lectures on the poets was given at Brown University, college year 1891-92; a course of six lectures was given at Northwestern University, college year 1890-1891; before the Brooklyn Institute, college year 1896-1897; and the University Extension Society, New Haven, October-November, 1898; two lectures on Clough and Arnold were given at Auburn Theological Seminary, college year 1896-1897; one on Arnold, at Princeton University, college year 1899-1900; and one on Ruskin, at Amherst College, college year 1899-1900.

The Bible as Literature. Massachusetts Division of Epworth League, Worcester, Mass., October 7, 1892; Wesleyan Guild, University of Michigan, December 1, 1897.

The Advantage of Literary Study to the Minister, New York East Conference, April 9, 1894.

Broader Conceptions of a Religious Life, Epworth League Convention, Scranton, April 15, 1894.

The Educational Value of the Study of English Literature. Rhode Island State Teachers' Association, Providence, October, 1898.

The Teaching of John Ruskin. New York East Conference, April 10, 1899.

The Disappearance of Literature. Nineteenth Century Club, New York, November 20, 1900.

Modern Hymnology. Methodist Social Union of Boston, November 18, 1901.

Literature as a Means of Christian Culture. Wesleyan Guild, University of Michigan, February 8, 1903.

The Methodist Hymnal. Brooklyn Methodist Social Union, October 10, 1905.

What the Pew Expects of the Pulpit. College Conference, Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Connecticut, March 30, 1906.

Professor Atwater as a Friend, Memo-

rial Address, Wesleyan University, October 6, 1907.

Art, Love, and Religion in the Poetry of Browning. Mid-year Meeting of the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mount Vernon, New York, October 15, 1907.

Whittier as a Poet. Congregational Club, New York, December 16, 1907; Middlesex County Historical Society, Middletown, December 17, 1907 (centenary of Whittier's birth).

Milton's Place in Literature, Memorial Chapel, Wesleyan University, December 9, 1908 (ter-centenary of Milton's birth).

Robert Burns. Address delivered on the anniversary of the poet's birthday. Teachers' Association, Passaic, New Jersey, January 25, 1911.

The Religious Teaching of Robert Browning. Wesleyan Guild, University of Michigan, April 23, 1911.

The Philosophy of Browning. New York Browning Society, Waldorf-Astoria, New York, May 8, 1912; Commencement Address, De Pauw University, June 13, 1912.

Browning in the Twentieth Century.

Methodist Social Union, Boston, Massachusetts, May 20, 1912.

Some Present Aspects of American Literature. The Get-Together Club, Hartford, December 21, 1914; The Arts Society, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire, April 24, 1915; Commencement Address, Wells College, June 6, 1916.

The Spiritual Significance of Wordsworth. First Methodist Episcopal Church, Middletown, March 9, 1915.

The Spiritual Significance of Browning. First Methodist Episcopal Church, Middletown, March 23, 1915.

The Oral Interpretation of Literature. New York English Teachers' Association, New York, February 19, 1916.

The Literary Character and Value of the Book of Job. First Methodist Episcopal Church, Middletown, March 21, 1916.

The *Wesleyan University Bulletin* for May, 1895, contains the following statement: "Fourteen members of the faculty, whose interests lie in the departments of literature and language, history, philosophy, and sociology, have formed a club for the

discussion of topics of interest to the members, as well as for social purposes. The club meets once a month, at the residence of one of the members." Professor Winchester, who was the first president of the club, which soon took the name of The Apostles' Club, was ever "the chief of the Apostles." His regular papers presented before the club were on the following topics:

College year 1895-1896: The Essential Element of Literature.

March, 1898: Poetical Form.

May, 1900: The Early Reviewers.

February, 1901: The Disappearance of Literature.

December, 1902: John Wesley's Taste in Love and Letters.

November, 1904: The Making of a Hymnal.

February 7, 1907: The Teaching of English Literature in College Classes.

October 8, 1908: The Early English Reviews.

April 18, 1913: Some Remarks on Emerson.

November 17, 1916: The Teaching of English Literature in Colleges.

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

April 12, 1918: Poetry To-day and To-morrow.

In September, 1869, Professor Winchester was elected a member of the Conversational Club of Middletown, an organization of about twenty-five members chosen from members of the Wesleyan faculty and citizens of Middletown, which had been organized in 1862. He was rarely absent from the fortnightly gatherings of this club and his participation in the discussions constantly displayed his wide range of information and interest and his broad sympathies. The papers which he himself presented before the club reveal perhaps better than anything else the subjects which interested him during the period of his half-century of membership. A list of these topics, with the dates, follows:

Jan. 31, 1870, The Bible in the Common School.

March 4, 1872, Popular Education in England.

April 7, 1873, Creeds.

Oct. 12, 1874, Utilitarianism in Education.

Dec. 13, 1875, Relations of Science and Literature.

April 30, 1877, Recent Study of Shakespeare.

Feb. 10, 1879, English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.

Dec. 1, 1879, Recent Studies in Chaucer.

Dec. 5, 1881, Some Days in England.

April 23, 1883, The Madness of Hamlet.

April 28, 1884, Early English Drama.

March 23, 1885, George Eliot.

May 24, 1886, The Science of Happiness.

Jan. 16, 1888, Shakespeare-Bacon.

Dec. 16, 1889, Thomas Carlyle.

Dec. 7, 1891, University Extension.

March 13, 1893, Ruskin.

Dec. 31, 1894, Remarks on the Modern Novel.

Dec. 21, 1896, A Month Awheel in England.

May 31, 1898, Some Characteristics of the Literature of the Victorian Period.

Feb. 25, 1901, Questions of International Ethics.

April 7, 1902, Leigh Hunt.

Feb. 22, 1904, The Making of a Hymn Book.

May 1, 1905, Christopher North.

Jan. 14, 1907, Some Random Remarks on Emerson.

Oct. 19, 1908, A Day in Ravenna.

April 25, 1910, New Light on John Wesley.

Feb. 26, 1912, Some Remarks about Charles Dickens.

Oct. 20, 1913, The New Poet Laureate—and Remarks.

March 1, 1915, Some Present Aspects of American Literature.

Feb. 5, 1917, Some Newest New Poetry.

Oct. 21, 1918, A New England Mystic.

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER'S
COURSES
IN
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER'S COURSES IN WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

In the days when Professor Winchester was a student in college, the program of instruction included very little reference to instruction in English outside the rhetorical exercises which in one form or another were required each of the four years. In the first term of the sophomore year, logic was required, with Whately's book as text. This was followed in the second term by rhetoric, also based on Whately's text, and in the third term by English literature, based on Shaw's *Manual*. The first development beyond this meager schedule appears in the catalogue for 1869-1870, the year following Professor Winchester's graduation, when there was added instruction in the junior year providing for the "rhetorical study" of the writings of certain authors. The author selected for the first term was Chaucer. In the second term

attention was given to Demosthenes, Webster, and Jeremy Taylor, and in the third term to Shakespeare and Milton. The credit for this change undoubtedly belonged to Professor Fales Henry Newhall, who was Professor Winchester's predecessor. Further evidence of progress appeared in the replacing of Shaw's *Manual* by Fiske's abridgment of Taine in 1872-1873.

Professor Winchester's election to the chair of rhetoric and English literature coincided with a thoroughgoing revision of the whole curriculum. Thus, in the very first year of his professorship, Professor Winchester was able to introduce a new program of instruction for his department which contained marked advances over that of his predecessor. It provided, for the freshman year, a required course, one hour a week, based upon Trench's *English, Past and Present,* supplemented by lectures. There were also weekly exercises in composition and declamation. For the sophomore year rhetoric and logic were required five hours each fortnight, with Bain's *Manual of Composition and Rhetoric* and Atwater's *Manual of Logic* for texts. Weekly exercises in

composition and declamation were also required. In junior year, in addition to the required weekly exercises in composition and declamation, there was an elective course five hours a fortnight in rhetoric and English literature, for which the text-books listed were Whately's *Rhetoric* and Taine's *English Literature* (Fiske's abridgment). The course also provided for "historical and critical study of English classics based upon the Clarendon Press editions of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Pope; together with Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar." For the senior year the required rhetorical exercises demanded either essays or original declamations. The above requirements were for the classical course. The same studies were required in the Latin-scientific course and in the scientific course, but, in some cases, were assigned to different years. In 1881-1882 the following significant statement was incorporated in the announcement for the junior elective: "select courses of reading with examinations," though these courses of reading had been in use at least as early as 1879-1880. In the same year a senior elective course was announced for

the first time, which dealt with the period of Queen Anne.

Until 1885 Professor Winchester discharged the duties of librarian in addition to the work of his department. While there was an assistant librarian from 1877-1878 onward, it was not until 1884-1885 that the catalogue shows the appointment of an assistant in rhetoric, William Edward Mead. With the retirement of Professor Winchester from the librarianship, this assistantship disappeared, and until the return of Mr. Mead in 1890-1891 to divide the work of the department with Professor Winchester, the only aid he had in carrying the burden of departmental work was received from the successive instructors or tutors in Greek and Latin: Alfred Charles True, 1885-1886; Franklin Henry Taylor, 1886-1890; Robert Henry Williams, 1886-1889; and Karl Pomeroy Harrington, 1889-1890.

The introductory course, long known as I. English Literature, or more popularly as "One Lit," was a junior elective until 1898-1899, after which date it was a sophomore elective. From 1912-1913 onward the course met three times a week and its con-

duct was shared with Associate Professor Louis Bliss Gillet, who had sole charge in the year 1916-1917; in 1917-1918 Professor Winchester shared the course with Instructor John Edward Jacoby; in 1918-1919 Professor Frank Edgar Farley took over the course.

From 1881-1882 to 1900-1901, there was one senior elective in the department; at first this was on the literature of the period of Queen Anne; in 1883-1884 followed the introduction of the study of the period from 1789 to 1832; and in 1888-1889 the literature of the Victorian period, 1830-1880, was first offered instead. Beginning in 1901-1902 the last two courses became junior electives and to them was added in 1905-1906 a course on six plays of Shakespeare: the course given in any one year being chosen from the three. In 1900-1901 the senior seminary, as the senior elective was usually called, again dealt with the literature of the period of Queen Anne; in the following year it was on the essayists and reviewers of the early nineteenth century; and in 1904-1905 the New England literature, 1835-1885, was offered for the first

time: the course offered in any one year being chosen from the three. In 1916-1917, when Professor Winchester was in residence only during the first semester, the subject of the senior seminary was the poetry of Browning and Tennyson, and this was extended in 1917-1918 to a year course on the literature of the Victorian period.

The course on the elements of literary criticism was first offered in 1891-1892 and was repeated every year thereafter except two.

From 1897-1898 to 1909-1910 Professor Winchester gave a course in debate, which was followed from 1910-1911 to 1915-1916 by an elective course in public speaking for seniors, which was conducted jointly with Instructor John Wesley Wetzel. From 1873-1874 to 1889-1890 inclusive, Professor Winchester had charge of the rhetorical exercises required of all four classes, and from 1890-1891 to 1909-1910 the required rhetorical work for seniors continued under his charge.

Beginning at least as early as 1891-1892, Professor Winchester provided instruction in his department for graduate students, and for a time conducted special courses for

them as follows: from 1892-1893 to 1897-1898 a course in the history of literary criticism; on Tennyson and Browning in 1893-1894; and in 1894-1895, 1895-1896, and 1897-1898 a course in the Elizabethan drama.

In 1916-1917, Professor Winchester made certain changes in his scheme of courses in order to adjust the work of the department to his absence on leave for the second semester. In 1918-1919 the conditions arising from the establishment of the Students Army Training Corps prevented any students in the corps from electing work in English literature. For the handful of students who remained free to choose their studies, Professor Winchester prepared, as a junior elective, a new course, suited to the spirit of the times, on the political writings of Burke. When the abandonment of the corps made possible, in January, the return to normal conditions, the interest in the experiment led Professor Winchester to continue the course through the year.

From 1912-1913 to 1916-1917 an additional elective course in the department was offered by Associate Professor Gillet, and

in 1917-1918 by Instructor Jacoby. In 1918-1919 and 1919-1920 Professor Farley shared the work of the department and offered one elective course in addition to the introductory course. These changes in the staff of the department led to certain modifications in the courses offered by Professor Winchester which may be traced through the four years beginning in 1916-1917, but he adhered to his own special fields as closely as the considerations of circumstances and as generous concessions to the wishes of his colleagues would permit. After Professor Winchester's illness, Professor Farley and Instructor Philip Lombard Given took over the conduct of his courses for the remainder of the year.

Aside from his regular courses, Professor Winchester in various years met informal groups of students interested in the work of his department for special reading and discussion in certain fields or in the works of certain authors. Both in this connection and in connection with his senior seminary, Mrs. Winchester and he frequently entertained the students in their home in a manner whose profit and charm

are abiding memories with those who were favored to participate in these occasions.

On five different occasions Professor Winchester was absent from the university on leave. The year 1880-1881 was spent in study at Leipzig and in general European travel; the third term of 1895-1896 was spent in Italy; the month of May, 1904, was devoted to attendance at the sessions of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Los Angeles as a delegate; the second semester of 1906-1907 was spent in general European travel; and during the second semester of 1916-1917 he visited California. On each of these trips, except the first, he was accompanied by Mrs. Winchester. He also made briefer visits to Europe in four different summer vacations.

The following pages furnish a somewhat detailed statement of the history of the individual courses offered by Professor Winchester during his half-century of teaching. The numbers of the courses which appear apply to the years which are quoted. There was, unfortunately, frequent change of the numbers so that the courses must be identified in each case by name and not by number.

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

ENGLISH LANGUAGE: REQUIRED FRESHMAN COURSE

THIS course as first required in 1873-1874 was announced briefly in the list of studies required of freshmen, as follows:

English: Trench's *English, Past and Present.* Lectures. One hour a week.

In 1884-1885 the announcement appears in the following more elaborate form:

I. *Freshman Year.*—During the Freshman year the object of the instruction in this department is to give the class some knowledge of the outlines of the history of our language, and to awaken some interest in its study. To this end, a course of simple lectures is given in the fall term, recounting the main facts concerning the rise and early history of the language, and these lectures are accompanied and followed by recitations from the class upon Trench's *English, Past and Present.* The class meets for this exercise but once a week.

In 1887-1888 the character of the course was somewhat changed and the allotment of time increased, as the following statement shows:

I. ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Trench's *English, Past and Present,* with a short course of lectures upon the rise and early history of the language.

Three times a fortnight during the first half year.

ELEMENTARY RHETORIC, with frequent practical exercises. *Three times a fortnight during the second half year.*

Course I is required of all Freshmen.

In 1889-1890 the distribution of the work, though not the content, was changed as follows:

I. ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Trench's *English, Past and Present*, with a short course of lectures upon the rise and early history of the language. *Once a week during the first term; once a fortnight during the second and third terms.*

ELEMENTARY RHETORIC, with frequent practical exercises. *Once a fortnight during the first term; once a week during the second and third terms.*

Course I is required of all Freshmen.

In 1890-1891 this course was transferred to the new department of English language under the charge of Professor Mead.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE: REQUIRED SOPHOMORE COURSE

This course, as first required in 1873-1874, was announced briefly in the list of studies required of sophomores, as follows:

Rhetoric and Logic.—Bain's *Manual of Com-*

position and Rhetoric; Atwater's *Manual of Logic.* Five hours a fortnight.

With changes of text-book this course continued through 1883-1884. Thus we find, in 1882-1883, that the texts used were Hill's *Rhetoric* and Jevons's *Logic,* and that the announcement also included for the first time the phrase "Exercises in criticism of standard authors."

In 1884-1885 the work in logic was transferred from this department, and the time gained was assigned for the reading and criticism of selected writings. The changed announcement read as follows:

II. *Sophomore Year.*—The study assigned to the Sophomore year, in this department, is Rhetoric. The class meets on alternate days through half the year. The text-book used is A. S. Hill's *Principles of Rhetoric.* The study of the text-book, however, forms only a part of the work of the class. The members of the class are required to write occasional exercises illustrating and applying the principles laid down in the text-book; these principles are also applied in the public criticism of their regular essays, written once in three weeks; and, finally, they read, in connection with their rhetorical study, two or three specimens of the best modern English prose, criticise and

discuss them in the class, and compare them to discover the characteristic excellences and defects of each. The writings selected for such reading and criticism this year are Macaulay's *Life of Johnson*, Carlyle's *Essay on Johnson*, and Burke's speech on "Conciliation with America." The essays of Macaulay and Carlyle are compared with respect to their diction, structure of sentence and paragraph, modes of illustration, and general method of treating the same subject. The speech of Burke is studied especially with reference to the rhetorical laws of argument and persuasion.

In 1886-1887 the text-books were changed and some adjustments made in the character of the course, as the following statement indicates:

II. Required of all Sophomores.

Rhetoric. McElroy's *Structure of English Prose*, and Gummere's *Handbook of Poetics*. The members of the class are required to write—in addition to their regular essays—occasional exercises illustrating and applying the principles laid down in the text-books; and they read, for criticism and discussion in the classroom, two or three specimens of the best modern English prose. The writings selected for such reading and criticism this year are Macaulay's *Life of Johnson* and Carlyle's *Essay on Johnson*. *Five times a fortnight during the first half year.*

In the ensuing year Genung's *Rhetoric* was substituted as the text-book. The announcement was further modified during 1889-1890, the last year that Professor Winchester had charge of the course:

II. Rhetoric. Genung's *Practical Rhetoric.* The members of the class are required to write—in addition to their regular essays—occasional exercises illustrating and applying the principles laid down in the text-book; and they read, for criticism and discussion in the classroom, specimens of the best modern English prose. The specimens selected for such reading and criticism this year are taken from Genung's *Handbook of Rhetorical Analysis. Five times a fortnight during the first half year.*

Course II is required of all Sophomores.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

This course was originally announced in 1873-1874 in the list of junior electives in the following words:

Rhetoric and English Literature.—Whately's *Rhetoric;* Taine's *English Literature* (Fiske's Abridgment); Historical and Critical Study of English Classics—Clarendon Press Editions of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Pope; Ab-

bott's *Shakespearean Grammar. Five hours a fortnight.*

Aside from changes of texts the only significant modification in the announcement of this course in the next ten years appeared in 1881-1882, when the following clause was included:

Selected courses of reading, with examinations.[1]

The announcement for 1884-1885 fully sets forth the nature and details of the changes thus involved as follows:

III. *Junior Year.*—The study of English literature is optional during the Junior and Senior years. The Junior class, the present year—open, like all Junior elective classes, to Seniors as well as Juniors—contains 8 Seniors, 36 Juniors, and 4 Special Students. It meets on alternate days throughout the year. The work of this class may be divided into three parts.

1. It is desired, in the first place, that the student should obtain a knowledge of the main facts in the *history* of our literature. For this purpose, the class reads, for regular recitation, Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature.* The lessons assigned from it are made very short, partly that there may be opportunity, during the hour of recitation, for discussion and frequent

[1] See above, page 303.

half-hour lectures, and partly that members of the class may find time to devote to the other portions of the work described below.

2. It is desired, secondly, that the class shall during the year read critically at least two or three representative specimens of our best literature. The last recitation of each week is given to this exercise. The works selected this year are Chaucer's *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, and the *Nonne Preestes Tale*, one canto of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, and selections from Pope's *Satires*. Members of the class are expected to inform themselves upon the history of these writings and upon the life and times of their authors, and to read them with minute care in preparation for the recitation and criticism of the classroom. Four or five lectures upon these selected authors are read by the professor before the class.

It is hoped that this careful study of the literature itself in some of its best specimens may not only educate the taste and stimulate an interest in the highest literature, but may also cultivate that habit of thorough and critical reading needful for the appreciation of what is best in letters.

3. The third part of the work of this class is a brief course of collateral reading. Several different courses are laid out by the professor at the beginning of the year, from which each member of the class must select one. Each course contains a few of the most representative writings

of a limited period. The courses for the present year are five, as follows:

Course I. Marlowe's *Faustus* and Greene's *Friar Bacon;* Shakespeare—four plays and ten sonnets; Bacon's *Essays*—selections; Milton's *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, Lycidas, Paradise Lost* (*Book I*), *Samson Agonistes.*

Course II. Johnson's Lives of Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and Gray; Milton's *Comus* and *Paradise Lost* (*Book I*); Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel;* Swift's *Tale of a Tub, Journal to Stella,* letters I-XII; Addison's *Spectator*—25 selected papers; Pope's *Rape of the Lock;* Gray's *Elegy.*

Course III. Thackeray's Lectures on Swift, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Pope, Sterne, and Goldsmith; Swift's *Tale of a Tub, Battle of the Books, Journal to Stella,* letters I-XII; Addison's *Spectator*—20 selected papers; Steele's *Tatler*—12 selected papers; Goldsmith's *Deserted Village, Retaliation,* and *Vicar of Wakefield;* Leslie Stephen's *Johnson,* chaps. iii, iv.

Course IV. Leslie Stephen's *Johnson,* chaps. iii, iv; Macaulay's *Life of Johnson;* Johnson's *Rasselas* and *Vanity of Human Wishes;* Cowper's *Task,* Book I; Burke's two American Speeches, *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (the first half), *Letter to a Noble Lord;* Burns—selected poems.

Course V. Burns—selections; Wordsworth—selected poems in Arnold's edition; Shelley—se-

lected poems in Stopford Brooke's edition; Keats' *Hyperion, Odes,* and *Sonnets;* Byron—one canto of *Childe Harold;* Lamb—selections from the *Essays of Elia;* De Quincey's *Recollections of Lamb and Wordsworth, Suspiria de Profundis;* Shairp's *Essay on Wordsworth.*

With each of these courses is given to the student a short list of the books which he may consult with advantage for the history and criticism of the literature he is reading. It is believed that such a brief course of reading not only cultivates a taste for what is best in letters, but also gives the student an intelligent notion of the relations of literature to the social and political history of the period in which it was produced, such as he could hardly gain from a text-book. The care with which the reading is done is tested by a series of written examinations held at stated intervals throughout the year.

From 1886-1887 to 1889-1890 inclusive, the meetings of the class were reduced to three times a fortnight, but with the separation of departments in 1890-1891 the meetings of the class were changed to twice a week, and in 1896-1897 were further increased to three times a week. The announcement in the catalogue for 1898-1899, the last year that this course was a Junior elective, read as follows:

COURSES AT WESLEYAN

I. General Introduction to English Literature. 1. An outline of the history of the literature. Stopford Brooke's *English Literature*, with lectures. *First half year.* 2. Classroom reading and discussion of literary masterpieces. The works selected are: Chaucer's *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, and the *Nonne Preestes Tale;* Shakespeare's *Hamlet;* selections from Pope's *Satires. Second half year.* 3. A brief course of collateral reading, with written recitations and essays upon subjects drawn from the reading. Members of the class may choose any one of the courses in Winchester's *Five Short Courses of Reading in English Literature.* These courses consist of selections from the following authors:

(1) 1559-1674. Marlowe, Greene, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton.

(2) 1660-1745. Dryden, Addison, Steele, Swift; with Johnson's Lives of Dryden, Swift, and Pope, and Thackeray's *Lectures on the English Humorists.*

(3) 1745-1789. Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke, Cowper, Burns; with Leslie Stephen's *Life of Johnson*, Dobson's *Life of Goldsmith*, Morley's *Life of Burke.*

(4) 1789-1832. Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, Lamb, Byron, Shelley, Keats.

(5) 1832-1880. Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Browning, Tennyson. *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 12.* 11 S. C. (V.)

Course I is elective for Juniors.

In 1899-1900 the course became for the first time a sophomore elective, and the meetings were twice a week. This arrangement continued through 1911-1912.

From 1912-1913 to 1915-1916 and again in 1917-1918, the course was given three times a week by Professor Winchester with the aid of an instructor. In 1916-1917, owing to Professor Winchester's absence on leave for part of the year, the course was entirely in charge of Assistant Professor Gillet. In 1918-1919 Professor Winchester transferred the charge of this course to Professor Farley.

The announcement for 1911-1912, the last year that Professor Winchester had sole charge of the course, was the first occasion on which his list of readings was omitted from the catalogue statement, which was changed to read as follows:

I. General Introduction to English Literature. An outline of the history of the literature, with classroom reading and discussion of representative works illustrative of different varieties and periods of English Literature. Moody and Lovett's *History of English Literature* is used as a text-book, with Cunliffe, Pyre, and Young's

Century Readings for a Course in English Literature. Mon., Wed., at 12. 14 F. H. (V.)
Course I is elective for Sophomores.

The following was the announcement for the course for 1917-1918, the last year in which Professor Winchester shared in its direction:

I. General Introduction to English Literature. An outline of the history of the literature, with classroom reading and discussion of representative works illustrative of different varieties and periods of English literature. Moody and Lovett's *History of English Literature* is used as a text-book, with Cunliffe, Pyre, and Young's *Century Readings for a Course in English Literature.* Section 1, *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 12.* Section 2, *Mon., at 12; Tu., Th., at 8.* 14 F. H. (sections in 12 F. H.). Professor Winchester and Mr. Jacoby. (V.)
Course I is elective for Sophomores.

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD OF QUEEN ANNE

Given as senior elective, 1881-1882; 1882-1883; 1893-1894; and 1895-1896.

The first announcement of this course appeared in the catalogue for 1881-1882, under the heading of senior electives, in the following words:

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Literature of the Period of Queen Anne. Lectures on the history of the period; criticism and discussion of representative authors. *Five hours a fortnight.*

The announcements for the last two years, in order, were:

III. ENGLISH LITERATURE of the Period of Queen Anne, 1700-1745. Defoe, Steele, Addison, Swift, Pope. Critical reading and discussion; lectures. *Twice (counting as three times) a week.*

Courses II and III are elective (with some restrictions) for those who have taken Course I. Course III will be omitted in 1894-95. Course II is omitted the present year.

and:

II. ENGLISH LITERATURE of the Period of Queen Anne, 1700-1745. Defoe, Steele, Addison, Swift, Pope. Critical reading and discussion; lectures. Section I, *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 10 (first term); Mon., Wed., at 10 (second term).* Section II, *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 12 (first term); Mon., Wed., at 12 (second term).*

Course II counts as *three times a week* for the year.

Courses II and III are elective (with some restrictions) for those who have taken Course I. Course II will be omitted in 1896-97. Course III is omitted the present year.

Given as senior seminary, 1900-1901; 1902-1903; 1903-1904; and 1910-1911. The announcement for the first of these years read:

IV. Literature of the Period of Queen Anne. Defoe, Steele, Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Pope. *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 8.* 56 N. C. (I.)

Course IV is elective, with some restrictions, for those who have taken Course I and are taking either Course II or Course VI.

In the last year the following was the announcement:

VI. Literature of the Period of Queen Anne. Defoe, Steele, Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke, Pope. *Mon., Wed., at 11.* 23 F. H. (IV.)

Courses V, VI, and VII are elective, with the permission of the instructor, for those who have taken Course I, either Course II, Course III, or Course IV, and Course VIII. Courses V and VII are omitted the present year.

This course, in its two forms, was given in eight different years.

English Literature, 1789-1832

Given as senior elective in 1883-1884; 1884-1885; 1885-1886; 1886-1887; 1887-1888; 1891-1892; 1897-1898; and 1899-1900.

PROFESSOR WINCHESTER

The first announcement of this course appeared in the catalogue for 1883-1884, under the heading of senior electives, as follows:

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Literature of the Period of George III. Lectures on the history of the period; criticism and discussion of representative authors. *Five hours a fortnight.*

In 1884-1885, when the practice was begun of listing courses in the catalogue by departments, the statement took the following form:

IV. In the Senior year an advanced class in English Literature is formed, open only to a limited number of those who have pursued in the Junior year the course just described. This class numbers this year 1 graduate student, 13 Seniors, and 2 Special Students; it recites two hours a day on alternate days throughout the year. The object of the study of this class is to gain a somewhat thorough knowledge of the literature of some brief period. The period chosen for the study of the present year is that embraced between the years 1789 and 1832. A course of lectures is given the class, during the first six weeks of the term, upon the history of this period, especially in its relations to literature. Then the principal works of Burke (after 1789), Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey, Lamb, Scott, Byron, Shelley, and Keats are divided among the

members of the class for reading. They read these works, and, in turn, present before the class careful analyses and full discussions of what they have read. In this manner every member of the class either reads himself or hears discussed at length nearly every one of the most important specimens of our literature during the period studied. The regular discussions of the classroom are supplemented by a course of lectures upon the period. The class are required to take notes of all discussions, and the thoroughness with which the work is done is tested by a series of written examinations.

In 1899-1900 the announcement was in the following form:

II. English Poetry, 1789-1832. Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats. Critical reading and discussion; lectures. Section 1, *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 9;* Section 2, *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 11.* 56 N. C. (II.)

Course II is elective (with some restrictions) for those who have taken Course I.

In 1901-1902 the course was changed to a junior elective, with the following announcement:

III. English Poetry, 1789-1832. Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats. *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 9.* 11 S. C. (II.)

Course III is elective for those who have taken Course I. Courses II and III are given in alternate years, Course II being omitted the present year.

The course was given in this form in 1901-1902; 1903-1904; 1906-1907; 1908-1909; 1911-1912; and 1913-1914, in which year the announcement was in the following terms:

III. ENGLISH POETRY, 1789-1832. Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats. *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 9.* 14 F. H. PROFESSOR WINCHESTER. (II.)

Courses II and III are elective for those who have taken Course I. Course II is omitted in 1913-14.

A portion of the course was given as a junior elective during the first semester of 1916-1917, with the following statement:

III. BURNS, WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE. *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 9 (first half year).* 14 F. H. PROFESSOR WINCHESTER. (II.)

Courses II-V are elective for those who have taken Course I. Courses II, IV, and V are omitted in 1916-17.

In all, this course was given in fourteen different years.

ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1830-1880

Given as senior elective in 1888-1889; 1889-1890; 1890-1891; 1892-1893; 1894-1895; 1896-1897; 1898-1899; and 1900-1901. The first catalogue announcement read as follows:

IV. ENGLISH LITERATURE from 1830 to 1880, especially as represented in the work of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning. Members of the class will read carefully the principal writings of these authors; will consider their attitude toward the leading movements in thought and in society during a half century; and will prepare abstracts and critical studies of what they read, for discussion before the class. *Five times a fortnight.*

Course IV is open only to those who have taken Course III.

In 1900-1901 the wording of the announcement was:

II. ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE VICTORIAN PERIOD. Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Tennyson, Browning. *Mon., Wed., at 9.* 11 S. C.

Course II is elective for those who have taken Course I. (II.)

Given as a junior elective in 1902-1903; 1904-1905; 1909-1910; 1913-1914; and 1914-

1915. The announcements for the first and last of these dates were:

II. English Literature of the Victorian Period. Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, Tennyson, Browning. *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 9.* 11 S. C. (II.)

Course II is elective for those who have taken Course I.

and:

IV. Victorian Literature. Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, Tennyson. *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 9.* 14 F. H. Professor Winchester. (II.)

Courses II-V are elective for those who have taken Course I. Courses II and III are omitted in 1914-15.

In 1916-1917 a portion of this course was given in the first semester as the senior seminary, and in 1917-1918, the whole course furnished the subject for the senior seminary, with the following announcements:

X. Studies in the Poetry of Browning and Tennyson. *Mon., Wed., Fri., at 11.* 23 F. H. Professor Winchester. (IV.)

Courses VIII-X are elective, with the permission of the instructor, for those who have taken Course I, and either Course II or Course III. Courses VIII and IX are omitted in 1916-17.

VII. Literature of the Victorian Period. Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, Tennyson. *Mon.,*

Wed., at 11. 23 F. H. Professor Winchester. (IV.)

Courses V-VII are elective, with the permission of the instructor, for those who have taken Course I, and either Course II or Course III. Courses V and VI are omitted in 1917-18.

Altogether, this course was given fifteen times.

ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS OF THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

Given as the senior seminary in 1901-1902; 1906-1907; 1907-1908; 1908-1909; 1911-1912; 1914-1915; and 1919-1920. For the first of these dates the announcement was:

V. Essayists and Reviewers of the Early Nineteenth Century. Jeffrey, Hazlitt, De Quincey, Lamb, Wilson, Hunt. *Mon., Wed., at 11.* 56 N. C. (IV.)

Course V is elective, with some restrictions, for those who have taken Course I, either Course II or Course III, and Course VI. Courses IV and V are given in alternate years, Course IV being omitted the present year.

The announcement in the last year was:

VII. Studies in the Early Nineteenth Cen-

TURY ESSAY. *Tu., Th., Sat., at 10.* 23 F. H. PROFESSOR WINCHESTER. (IX.)

Course VII is elective, with the permission of the instructor, for Seniors who have previously taken Course I and one other course.

This course was given in seven different years.

NEW ENGLAND LITERATURE

Given as senior seminary in 1904-1905; 1905-1906; 1909-1910; 1912-1913; and 1918-1919.

The first announcement of this course read:

IV. NEW ENGLAND LITERATURE, 1835-1885. Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes. *Mon., Wed., at 11.* 23 F. H. (IV.)

Courses IV, V, and VI are elective, with some restrictions, for those who have taken Course I, either Course II or Course III, and Course VII. Courses V and VI are omitted the present year.

The last announcement of this course read:

VIII+. STUDIES IN NEW ENGLAND LITERATURE. *Tu., Th., Sat., at 10.* 23 F. H. PROFESSOR WINCHESTER. (IX.)

Courses VII and VIII are elective, with the permission of the instructor, for those who have

taken Course I and one other course in the department. Course VII is omitted in 1918-19.

This course was given in five different years.

SIX PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

Given as a junior elective in 1905-1906; 1907-1908; 1910-1911; 1912-1913; 1915-1916; 1917-1918; 1919-1920. For the first year the announcement was as follows:

II. Six Representative Plays of Shakespeare. *A Midsummer Night's Dream, Henry IV, As You Like It, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra, The Winter's Tale.* Sidney Lee's *Life and Works of Shakespeare. Mon., Wed., Fri., at 9.* 14 F. H. (II.)

Courses II, III, and IV are elective for those who have completed Course I. Courses III and IV are omitted the present year.

The announcement for the last year read:

V. Six Plays of Shakespeare. *Tu., Th., Sat., at 11.* 11 F. H. Professor Winchester. (X.)

Course V is elective for those who have taken Course I.

This course was given seven times.

POLITICAL WRITINGS OF BURKE

This course, born of war-time conditions,

was given only once, namely, in 1918-1919. In creating this new course at seventy-two, Professor Winchester displayed the same thoroughness of preparation and the same freshness of spirit that had marked his entry into new fields in his earlier years. The course was a junior elective and the form of the announcement was:

VI+. Studies in the Political Writings of Edmund Burke. *Tu., Th., Sat., at 11.* 11 F. H. Professor Winchester. (X.)

Courses II-VI are elective for those who have taken Course I. Courses III-V are omitted in 1918-19.

ELEMENTS OF LITERARY CRITICISM

Given as a junior elective every year from 1891-1892 to 1919-1920, inclusive, with the exception of 1916-1917 and 1918-1919, or in twenty-seven years.

In the first year the announcement was made in the following terms:

III. The Elements of Literary Criticism. A course of lectures upon the essential elements and the various forms of literature. *Once a week.*

Course III is elective for those who have taken Course I.

In the last year the announcement took the following form:

VI. Elements of Literary Criticism. Discussion of the essential elements and the various forms of literature, with practical exercises in the application of critical principles. Winchester's *Principles of Literary Criticism* is used as a textbook. *Sat., at 8.* 29 F. H. Professor Winchester. (VII.)

Course VI is elective for those who have taken Course I.

RHETORICAL EXERCISES

In 1883-1884, and for many years previous, the catalogue contained in the list of required studies for the freshman, sophomore, and junior years, the entry

Rhetorical exercises. Compositions and declamations.

and for the senior year

Rhetorical exercises. Forensics, essays, or original declamations.

The catalogue for 1884-1885 in the statement for the department of rhetoric and English literature, contained the following entry, which reappeared in each succeeding year to 1889-1890, except that the first two

sentences relating to the freshman requirement were omitted from 1887-1888 onward, in which year the content of the required freshman course was correspondingly altered.[1]

V. English Composition. The Freshmen present, once in two weeks, exercises in the simpler forms of composition, which are discussed before the class. This work is under the direction of Mr. W. E. Mead.[2] Every member of the Sophomore and Junior classes is required to write nine essays in the year; every Senior must write an argument for debate before his class, and either four essays or two public orations. All these exercises are read and corrected by the Professor of Rhetoric. The Sophomores meet also nine times a year for general oral discussion and criticism of their themes; and every member of the Junior class meets the Professor privately, once a term, for individual criticism upon his work.

After the division of the department in 1890-1891, Professor Winchester retained charge only of the senior rhetorical exercises.

SENIOR RHETORICALS

From 1890-1891 to 1909-1910, twenty years, Professor Winchester had charge of

[1] See above, page 310. [2] See above, page 304.

the rhetorical work required of all seniors. Beginning in 1890-1891 the announcement for many years read:

III. English Composition. The rhetorical exercises of the Senior class are assigned to this department. Every Senior must write an argument for debate before his class, and either four essays or two public orations. All written work receives the personal criticism of the Professor, and the orations are also rehearsed before the Professor of Elocution.

In 1905-1906, the statement was changed to read:

X. English Composition. The rhetorical exercises of the Senior class are assigned to this department. Every Senior (unless excused from half this requirement by the provisions of Course IX) must write either four essays or two orations. All written work receives the personal criticism of the instructor.

The rhetorical exercises of the Senior year are rated as the equivalent of three hours' work per week for the year; these hours are required in addition to the minimum quota (14) prescribed for Seniors.

As a result of a general revision of the curriculum, the announcement was further modified in 1908-1909, as follows:

IX. English Composition. The rhetorical exercises of the Senior class are assigned to this department. Every Senior (unless excused from half this requirement by the election of Debate as specified below) must write either four essays or two orations. All written work receives the personal criticism of the instructor.

The rhetorical exercises of the Senior year are rated as the equivalent of one hour's work per week for the year; this hour is included in the minimum quota (13) prescribed for Seniors.

This senior requirement was last enforced with the class of 1910.

DEBATE

Professor Winchester offered this course in each of the thirteen years from 1897-1898 to 1909-1910 inclusive. In the first year the announcement of the course appeared in the following form:

V. Debate. Weekly practical exercises. Two members of the class are appointed to conduct the debate at each exercise. They must prepare written briefs of their argument, which are revised and corrected by the instructor, and are then publicly posted four days before the debate.

Course V is elective for Seniors, and those who elect it are excused from half the rhetorical work required in Course VI. *Mon., at 10.* L. Ch. 2.

In the last year it was given, the form of the announcement was:

DEBATE. Weekly practical exercises. Two members of the class are appointed to conduct the debate at each exercise. They must prepare written briefs of their argument, which are revised and corrected by the instructor, and are then publicly posted four days before the debate. *Mon., at 8.* 13 F. H.

The course in debate is elective for Seniors, and those who elect it are excused from half the rhetorical work required of Seniors. It does not count in the quota for graduation, except as part of the requirement in rhetoricals.

In 1910-1911, senior rhetoricals and the course in debate were replaced by the following course, which was repeated without change of announcement for six successive years, the last being 1915-1916.

A course in Public Speaking, elective for Seniors, is given under the direction of Professor Winchester and Mr. Wetzel. (See page 66.)

The statement of the Department of Public Speaking on page 66, read:

C. SENIORS. A course in the composition and delivery of the different forms of public address. The student is required to deliver one original speech before the class each month. These are

criticised by Professor Winchester before being delivered. *Sat., at 11.* 13 F. H.

These courses meet once a week for twenty weeks. Courses A and B count half-an-hour, Course C one hour, for the year.

GRADUATE INSTRUCTION

A special statement with reference to graduate instruction in the department first appeared in the catalogue announcement for 1891-1892 in the following terms:

V. GRADUATE INSTRUCTION. Graduate students in this department, for the present year, take Courses II and III; and, in addition, are assigned special and more extended courses of reading and investigation in the field covered by Course II, under the personal direction of the Professor. The principal topics assigned for such study, this year, are: The Causes and Significance of the Romantic Movement, 1789-1832; The Ethics of the Period as reflected in its Poetry; and The Later Revolutionary Sentiment, especially as illustrated in the Life and Work of Shelley.

Between 1892-1893 and 1897-1898 inclusive, courses for graduate students only were announced in the history of English literary criticism, the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, and in the Elizabethan drama.

In 1897-1898 the announcement of these

graduate courses was followed by the statement:

> The provisions for graduate instruction in this department may be modified or increased in accordance with the needs or wishes of graduate students.

From 1899-1900 to 1913-1914 inclusive, the departmental announcement in the catalogue contained only the following reference to graduate instruction:

> Special provision for graduate instruction is made to meet the wants of individual students.

From 1914-1915 onward, while no catalogue statement appeared, provision continued to be made for graduate study in the department. From 1892 to 1917 inclusive forty-eight candidates who presented theses in English Literature received the master's degree.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERARY CRITICISM

This course was offered to graduate students in each of the six years 1892-1893 to 1897-1898 inclusive. The announcement for the first year was:

> V. The History of English Literary Criticism. An outline study of the growth and devel-

opment of English criticism, and of the changes in critical standards from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century.

Sidney's *Defense of Poesie*, Dryden's Prefaces and *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, Addison's *Papers on Paradise Lost*, selections from the critical writings of Johnson, and from the Reviewers of the beginning of this century, will be studied as representing various phases of English critical opinion. *Tu., 3:30-5.*

Course V is open to graduate students only.

For the last year it was:

VIII. The History of English Literary Criticism. An outline study of the growth of the development of English criticism, and of the changes in critical standards and in literary forms from 1579 to 1789. Sidney's *Defense of Poesie*, Dryden's Prefaces and *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, Addison's *Papers on Paradise Lost*, and selections from the critical writings of Johnson and Goldsmith, will be studied as representing various phases of English critical opinion. *Once a week.* 56 N. C.

THE POETRY OF TENNYSON AND BROWNING

The following course was offered to graduate students in only a single year, 1893-1894:

VI. The Poetry of Tennyson and Browning. Critical reading, discussion, lectures. *Once a week.*

Courses V and VI are open to graduate students only.

THE ELIZABETHAN DRAMA

Given for graduate students in the three years, 1894-1895; 1895-1896; and 1897-1898.

The following was the announcement for the first year:

VI. The Elizabethan Drama. A survey of the origins of the Elizabethan drama with some notice of the principal works of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, followed by more careful study of a somewhat large group of Shakespeare's most important dramas. *Once a week.*

Courses V and VI are open to graduate students only.

This was amended in the last year to read:

VII. The Elizabethan Drama. A survey of the origin of the Elizabethan drama, with some notice of the principal works of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, followed by more careful study of a group of Shakespeare's most important dramas. *Once a week.* 56 N. C.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

As Professor Winchester indicated in his own speech at the complimentary dinner,[1] he was for years closely associated with the various movements for the establishment of uniform entrance requirements, especially in English. Apparently the first suggestion of this sort originated with the Association of Colleges in New England in the autumn of 1878 and as a result of these proposals and others made in the autumn of 1879, a group of New England colleges joined in establishing uniform requirements for admission in several of the departments including English. The action of the Wesleyan faculty was taken in this matter on November 16th, 1880, and the statement of the entrance requirements in English, as thus outlined, first appeared in the catalogue for 1880-1881. These new requirements replaced the somewhat perfunctory tests of earlier years which Professor Winchester described in his address.[2]

In 1885 there was formed the Commis-

[1] See above, page 108.

[2] See above, page 105.

sion of New England Colleges on Entrance Examinations which extended and carried forward the work previously mentioned. From this commission and a similar commission in the middle states, there arose suggestion for a joint conference on uniform entrance requirements in English. At this conference, which was held in Philadelphia in May, 1894, Professor Winchester was chairman of the New England delegation. The result of the labors of this conference is to be found in the establishment of the National Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English, and in the new entrance requirements in English which were adopted by the Wesleyan faculty in October, 1894, and printed in the catalogue for 1894-1895.

In 1906 there was organized the Conference of New England Colleges on Entrance Requirements in English. Professor Winchester was elected President of this conference and chairman of its executive committee and held this position until 1916 when he declined re-election.

Further changes recommended by this conference were adopted in 1909 and printed

in the Wesleyan catalogue for 1909-1910. The National Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English in 1914 made recommendations which were approved by the College Entrance Examination Board and which are set forth in the Wesleyan catalogue for 1914-1915. These requirements were further modified and the statement of them appears in the Wesleyan catalogue for 1919-1920.

Until 1912 Professor Winchester was usually, if not invariably, one of the New England delegates to the National Conference on Uniform Entrance Requirements in English. Of his work in that conference Dr. Wilson Farrand, headmaster of the Newark Academy, for many years secretary of the conference, has written:

> In this meeting [1894], as in the subsequent meetings of the conference, Professor Winchester was a notable figure. He was not especially conversant with the details of school work and he was not an aggressive fighter, but his wonderful acquaintance with English literature, his unfailing courtesy and good nature, his calm judgment, and his thorough good sense, did much to bring about harmony between the opposing factions.
>
> The same qualities which marked his work in

the first meeting naturally persisted in the others. . . . While thoroughly receptive to new ideas and perfectly ready to advance, Professor Winchester stood firmly for holding fast to the things which had been proved, and for taking no step in advance until it was reasonably certain that it would be wisely taken.

There is little more to be said of his work in the conference than could be said by anyone who knew the man. He was not an aggressive leader, he never advocated or tried to force through anything, but he was one of the wisest and sanest of all the members of the conference, and a man who carried great influence because of his personality. his scholarship, and his ripe judgment.

Of Professor Winchester's services as member and president of the Conference of New England Colleges on Entrance Requirements in English from its establishment in 1906 until 1916, Professor Carroll Lewis Maxcy of the Department of English of Williams College, who has been secretary-treasurer of the conference from its establishment, has written:

I can bear witness to the interested part that Professor Winchester took in all of our work. We regarded him unanimously as the "Dean," so to speak, of the conference, and his word and judgment weighed with us as final matters. We

all realized the value of his experience as tried through many years of teaching; we appreciated the true worth of his ripe appreciation of all that is excellent in literature; and in the selection of the works to be included in the entrance-list his judgment was practically regarded as authoritative. And no report of our numerous gatherings would be complete without mention of the affection with which we regarded him. I think he often looked on many of us as "boys," and he used to joke with us in a fatherly way that I personally shall always recall with great pleasure. Our meetings partook largely of the nature of "reunions"—almost of "family reunions"—and for this he was responsible.

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Middletown, Conn.
A memorial to Caleb
Thomas Winchester, 1847-1920

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